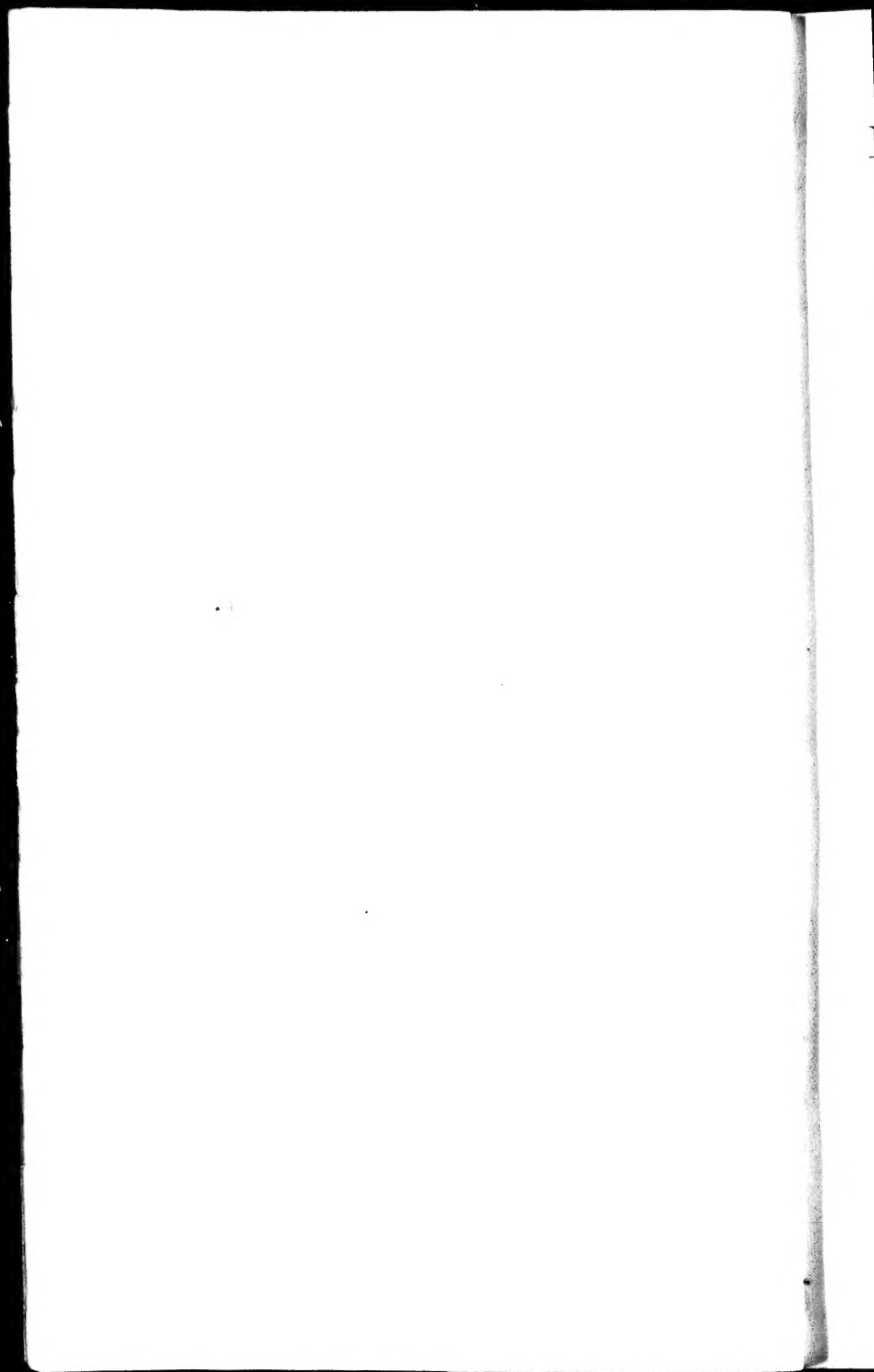




POEMS AND SONGS,

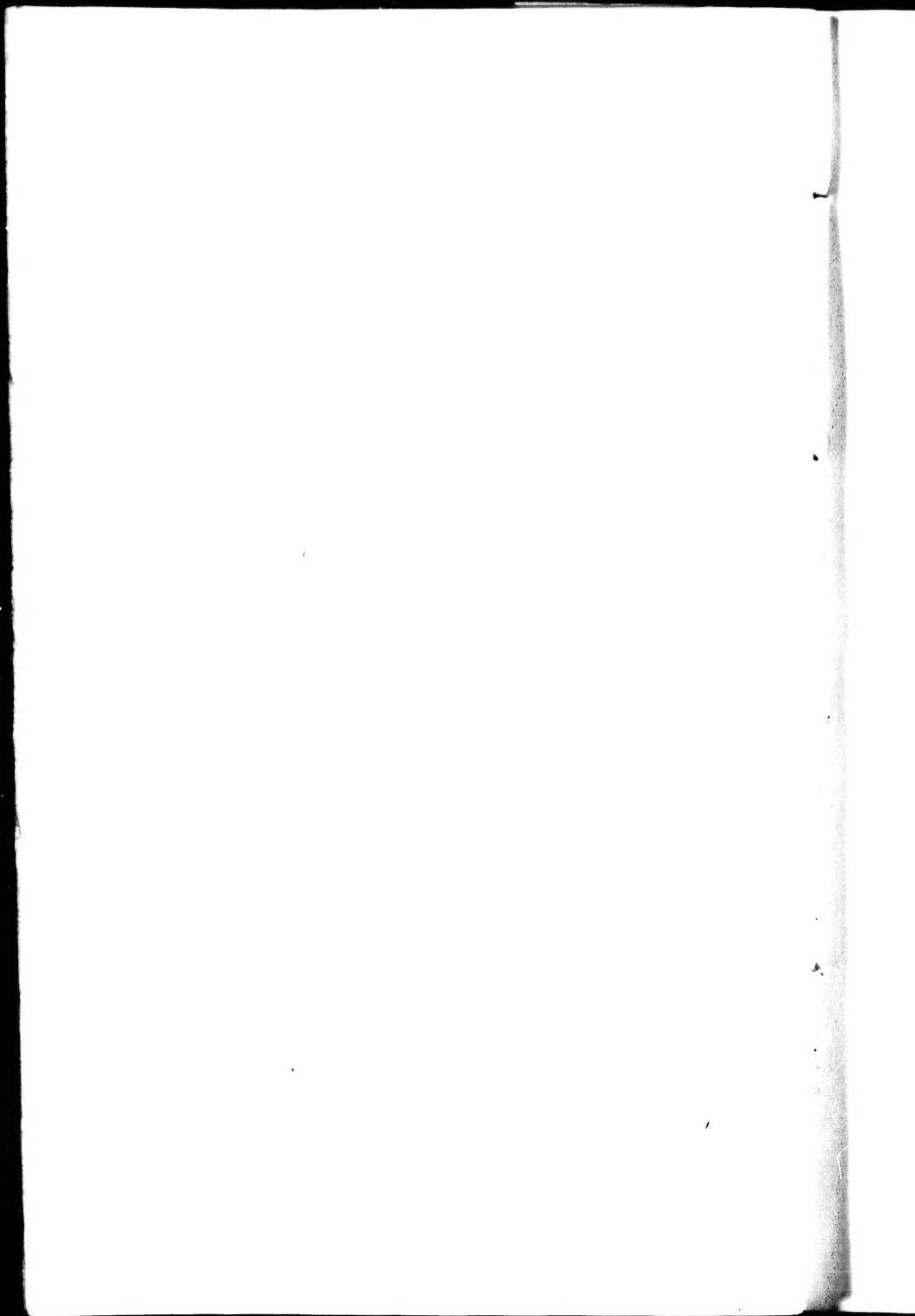
BY

WILLIAM MURDOCK.

“I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymmer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter ?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.”

BURNS.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.
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1860.



TO
JAMES MACFARLANE, ESQUIRE,
PRESIDENT,
AND OTHER OFFICE BEARERS, AND MEMBERS,
OF THE
SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY,
SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK,
THIS VOLUME
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THEIR BROTHER MEMBER AND COUNTRYMAN,
THE AUTHOR.

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ERRATA.

Page 33, line 16, for "experiences," read experience.
Page 59, line 3, for "gleas," read glens.
Page 79, line 4, for "name," read mane.
Page 83, line 25, for "can," read came.

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POEMS AND SONGS.

VERSES

SUGGESTED BY THE RECOLLECTION OF A SCOTTISH SPRING.

Auld blust'ring Winter 's ta'en leg-bail,
His snaws hae fled frae hill and dale,
Cowed by the genial southern gale
That sweetly blaws :
And Spring, on mountain, moor and vale,
Her beauty shaws.

The sweet refreshing vernal showers
Ha'e buskit mother-earth wi' flowers,
And dressed the woodland fairy bowers
In sweetest green,
Where beauty owns love's magic powers,
Wi' bashful mien.

The trees send forth their sweetest buds,
The laverock seeks its native cluds,
And pours frae thence, in rapt'rous floods,
Its heavenly sang :
Frae brake to brake the maukin whuds,
Wi' heedless bang.

The lambs are frisking on the knowes,
 Whar bonny purple heather grows ;
 The plaintive bleeting o' the ewes
 Wha seek their young ;
 Gars echo skim along the howes
 Like Music's tongue.

The minnows in the burnie play,
 Delighted by the sunny ray,
 Which lustre lends to bank and brae,
 Rock, tower, and tree ;
 And fills frail cild, tho' sunk in wae,
 Wi' youthful glee.

Hail lovely Spring ! whose genial breath
 Wakes beauty frae the dust o' death,
 Spreads verdure o'er the desert heath,
 Where shepherds rove :
 And crowns the dizzy mountain path
 Wi' life and love.

How sweet thy charms, when early morn
 Awakes the throstle's mellow horn ;
 When incense frae thy snaw-white thorn
 The air perfumes ;
 And violets shed in nooks forlorn
 Their fragrant blooms.

When dew still sleeps upon the grain
 That mantles o'er the fertile plain :

And birds, in ever varying strain,
 Pipe forth their lays;
 Till hills re-echo back again
 Their Maker's praise.

Thy nights, how sweet, beneath whose wing
 Lurk joys for peasant, peer and king;
 The flowing bowl, the social ring,
 The solemn gloom;
 Soul of my muse ! my fancy's Spring,
 And labour's tomb.

How sweet in vernal eve serene,
 When stars display their sparkling sheen,
 And beauty walks with evening's queen
 Across the sky;
 To wander forth, alone, unseen
 By mortal eye.

To stray beside some shaded burn,
 And trace its ilka crook and turn;
 To list the midnight zephyrs mourn
 Among the trees;
 Or hear the owlets notes forlorn
 Borne on the breeze.

Sweet meditations then arise,
 That lift our souls above the skies;
 Earth's pleasures, and Earth's vanities,
 All fly the mind,
 While fancy ever onward flies,
 Rapt, unconfined.

On phoenix wing the ravished soul
Seeks nature's bounds beyond the pole,
Sees endless suns and systems roll,
Through space's sea ;
Obedient to the wise control,
Of Heaven's decree.

From these our thoughts instinctive run
To him, the dread Almighty one,
Who planned and reared, ere time begun,
Creation's frame ;
Great Author of the glorious sun !
We praise thy name.

Great Source of Life ! whose self art love,
Who traced the path of Noah's dove,
By whom we live, and breathe, and move.
Or cease to be ;
Teach us the way which leads above,
To bliss and thee.

THE LAND WHERE I WAS BORN.

There is a land, a lovely land,
 Encompassed by the sea,
Whose every mountain, glen, and strand,
 Thrice hallowed is to me ;
It is the land, whose heathery hills
 No foe e'er trode with scorn ;
The land of rocks and dancing rills,
 The land where I was born.

Hail, Scotia, hail ! with love for thee
 My raptured bosom swells ;
Land of the brave, the good, the free,
 Of woods and flowery dells.
Land, where the thistle proudly blooms,
 Fresh as the rising morn,—
I'll love, till time this heart consumes,
 The land where I was born.

Land, where proud Rome in days of yore
 Forth led her countless hordes,
Till Scotia gleam'd from shore to shore,
 With empire-winning swords.
But glory to our sires of old,—
 All stainless and untorn
Still bloom the laurels which enfold,
 The land where I was born.

In thee, when Southern foes assail'd
 To load thy neck with chains;
 And Edward's whetted vengeance, peal'd
 In thunder o'er thy plains;
 A Wallace, matchless, dauntless, good,
 His threats defied with scorn,
 And nobly saved in fields of blood,
 The land where I was born

Hail, Bruce, dread essence of the brave!
 Hail monarch of my soul!
 Thy deeds, where thralldom found a grave,
 To endless fame shall roll.
 Thy deeds on Bannock's bloody field
 Thy name shall aye adorn;
 Bright glory crowns, and valor shields
 The land where I was born.

Land of the mist, where dauntless Knòx,
 First rent the Papal veil;
 Where covenant hymns, from glens and rocks,
 Came floating on the gale.
 Where martyred hosts, to piles of fire
 By Papal vengeance torn,
 Upon thy breast for truth expired—
 Great land where I was born.

Hail! land of song, where countless bards
 Have tuned the heavenly lyre;
 Where Tannahill's soft strains were heard
 To blend with Burns' fire;

Where Scott in peerless splendor reign'd,
And Hogg awoke his horn,
Till echo swell'd thro' wood and glen,
Bright land where I was born.

Land of my love, land of my joy,
Land where my life began ;
Land where I rambled when a boy,
And sojourn when a man ;
Land where the eagles cleave the sky,
And view the world with scorn,
I'll breathe your name in life's last sigh,
Dear land where I was born.

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THE BAGPIPES.

Let ithers poets rave and rant,
How fiddles can the saul enchant,
How harps and organs, lift the sant
To heaven aboon ;
For me, my lugs I winna grant
To siclike din.

The swelling horn, and sounding drum,
Yield pleasing notes nae doubt to some,
And cheils wha at pianos thrum,
Think nought's sae braw ;
But Scotland's skirling bagpipes bum
Is worth them a'.

O, weel I lo'e the martial strains,
That swell'd our forbears hearts and veins,
And led them on thro' reeking plains,
O' death and gore,
To drive oppression, and its chains,
Frac Scotia's shore.

Foul fa ! the Scot o' modern days,
Wha kens o' Scotland's former waes,
Can tamely sit, while Donald plays
A pibroch peal ;
Nor feels his bosom in a blaze
O' patriot zeal.

In yore, when Roman lads were boun'
 To rieve us o' our royal croun,
 Frae Highland hills our sires came down,
 To deadly gripes ;
 Fir'd by the bauld inspiring soun
 O' Scotland's pipes.

And weel the Dane and Roman chiefs,
 Ken'd when they heard the bagpipe's peals,
 That Donald was upon their heels
 In martial raw ;
 Sae faith they took to southern fiels,
 And were na slaw.

The Saxon thocht he nicht afford,
 To reign supreme, as Scotland's lord ;
 Sae pour'd his troops, horde after horde,
 On Scottish plains ;
 And claim'd dominion by the sword,
 O'er our domains.

His flags were waving on ilk height,
 When stern, undaunted, Wallace wight,
 His claymore wav'd for freedom's right,
 And Scotland's weal ;
 And dar'd proud Edward's vaunted might
 In mony a fiel,

He led his men to battle's brunt,
 The pipers marching at the front,
 Wi' stirring peal, and solemn grunt,
 They cheer'd the way,

Nor tarried, be't for brose or strunt,
Till bang'd the fae.

And syne, when Bruce display'd his ranks
For battle on red Bannock's banks,
He plac'd the pipers at the flanks,
Wha blew sae weel ;
That trembling seiz'd the southrons shanks,
And play'd the deil.

They could'na bide the clours, and paicks,
That shower'd frae our lochaber aix ;
They shook, as coward only shakes
When touch'd by steel,
Then curs'd our land o' hills and cakes,
And fled the fiel.

And when that shout o' victory rose,
Which rent the veil o' Scottish woes ;
The swelling pibroch spurr'd our foes,
To quicker bound ;
And stamp'd the land where Bannock flows
As sacred ground.

Thy bagpipes Scotland lang hae been,
Thy very best, and truest frien,
On bluidy field or dewy green,
At gloamings grey ;
When lads and lasses wad convene
To dance and play.

When charm'd by our dear bagpipes din,
 What ither race beneath the sun,
 Can match our hardy Highland kin
 At reel or jig?
 They loup, and fling, and jink and rin,
 Nor ever lig.

But change the tune to martial air,
 Their shouts will mak' the mountains rair;
 Their courage danger ne'er could scare,
 When Scotland's guid
 Required their helps, or aiblins mair,
 Their very bluid.

Just sound one swelling pibroch peal,
 And say Victoria needs their steel,
 Nae twa ways then; ilk hardy chiel
 His kilt puts on,
 And bids his native hills farweel
 Without a groan.

And when they meet their country's faes,
 Their courage kindles to a blaze;
 See Scotland's gallant, daring "Greys"
 And Forty-twa;
 Lead on the charge, that wing'd the days
 O' Bonna's fa'.

"These kilted savages," he swore,
 That came from Scotland's rocky shore,

Stern, as their fathers were in yore—
 With dirk and plaid;
 Have grieved my gallant heroes more,
 Than ought beside.

And see them on the Crimean plains,
 Where slavery still eternal reigns;
 Nae odds could cool their boiling veins,
 Nor quench their zeal;
 The rust of cowardice ne'er stains
 The Scottish steel.

My Country's pipes! while life is mine
 I'll love thy strains, as air divine;
 Link'd as ye are wi' auld langsyne,
 My Scottish heart,
 Tho' frae you sunder'd by the brine,
 Will never part.

And when on death's cold bier I'm laid
 Let pipers round me serenade;
 And wrap me in a Scottish plaid
 For sheet and shroud;
 And o'er my grave be tribute paid,
 ONE PIBROCH LOUD.

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ADDRESS TO MY AULD BLUE BONNET.

Let fools wi' muckle purses haver
'Bout hats o' silk, or costly beaver,
And flirts o' beaux and mensless chaps,
Brag o'er their one pound four light naps;
But nane a' them deserves a sonnet
Sae much as you my auld blue bonnet.
For mony years noo past and gane
Ye've hap'd my pow frae wind and rain;
The equinoxial gales nicht blaw,
The lammas tide in torrents fa';
Auld winter too nicht show his form,
Deep wrapp'd in clouds, and cloth'd in storm,
Wi' frost, hail, snaw, and blashy sleet,
Shroud nature like a winding sheet,
But cap'd by thee, my bonnet blue,
His storms as yet I've wudd'led thro',
Nor ear'd I for his wrath a bodle,
Ye lent sic comfort to my noddle.
Since first ye left thy native toun,
Sae fam'd for nicht-caps and for shoon,
Richt mony ups and downs I've seen,
Wi' pleasant blinks at times between;
I've tasted bliss, I've shed saut tears,
I've sprung frae youth to manhood's years,
I've wandered far, I've wandered wide,
Frae hame, and a' I lov'd beside;

But thanks to fate, I'm here again,
 Snug seated by my ain hearthstane.
 Dear comrade of my youthful glee,
 What memories fond are link'd wi' thee!
 What joyous transports have I felt,
 When at the shrine of love I knelt,
 And sued, nor did I sue in vain,
 For Meg's love in return again.
 O happy, mair than happy days,
 When 'mang fair Cart's green banks and brae,
 On gloamings grey I went to stroll,
 Wi' her whose love enrapt my soul.
 I sigh'd a' day, and dream'd a' nicht,
 And she, poor thing, was never richt,
 Till baith grew tired o' living single,
 And bairns noo ramp aroun' our ingle.
 An still I bless the page o' life
 That gied me Peggy for a wife.
 My guid auld frien', it maks me wae,
 That fashions should be changing sae,
 In youth ye was my very pride,
 Ye was sae braw, sae blue, and wide;
 Gang whar I might, be't up, be't down,
 Ye was my comforter an' crown.
 Ilk height and howe, ilk moss and moor,
 'Tween this and Scotland's southern shore,
 And far awa 'mang Highland sheils,
 I've trode wi' thee and blister'd heels;
 But noo alake! my guid auld frien',
 Nae gaet wi' thee daur I be seen,

Or modern folks will jibe and joke,
 And ca' thee beggar's aumos pock.
 Ochon-a-nee! and lack-a-day!
 That e'er we should grow auld or grey;
 Poor worn out men, and thread-bare claes,
 Are no the things for noo-a-days;
 When young, and strong, and fit for use,
 They're aye made welcome in the house,
 But ance turn auld, be't man or bonnet,
 The fire or hook, they're taught to shun it.
 By youthful pomp, and youthful pride,
 Like auld worn boots they're cast aside,
 Or aiblins sent, for guid or ill,
 To alms-house or the carding mill:
 Sae gae your wa's, ye'r out o' date,
 And e'en maun just submit to fate;
 My conscience winna let me steer ye,
 And fashion says I maunna wear ye,
 Sae we maun part! and nae remeid,
 But buy a beaver in your stead,
 And swap you wi' some gangrel body,
 For tea-cup or a dish for crowdy:
 But aye whene'er I glance upon it,
 I'll mind o' you—MY AULD BLUE BONNET.

TO THE ROBIN.

Ye're welcome here, my blythe wee frien',
Adorn'd wi' breist o' crimson sheen,
To cheer the dismal dowie scene
 Wi' thy sweet mirth,
While winter, arm'd wi' malice keen,
 Presides o'er earth.

But winter's malice, power, or sting,
To thee disquiet ne'er can bring,
For blythe on tapmost twig ye sing
 Frae day to day ;
His laws ye bauldly gie the fling,
 And scorn his sway.

O how this heart wi' rapture thuds,
To hear thy voice ring thro' the wuds
When simmer reigns, and flowers and buds
 Are fresh and green ;
Thou pours't thy music forth in floods,
 Thysel' unseen.

And noo when winter rusts the gristle
O' ilka bird that used to whistle,
And gars them 'mang the stackyairds hustle
 For picks o' grain,
Thou seek'st the city's noise and bustle
 To soothe our pain.

Then, Robin, then thy jetty e'e,
 Bright sparkles on our auld thorn tree,
 And then thy peerless melody
 Sweet echoes wake ;
 Thy sma' reward for siccan glee,
 Wee crumbs o' cake.

And when beneath our window pane
 Thou shield'st thyself frae drookin' rain,
 Nae Frenchman that e'er cross'd the main
 Can beck and bow ;
 Their airs and etiquette are vain
 When match'd wi' you.

And while aroun' the ingle's blaze,
 On cauld, blae, bitter, frosty days,
 We crack our joke, laugh, warm our taes,
 And tak a pree,
 Wee Robin's sang rings through the haze,
 Wi' bir and glee.

O Robin, wha could view thy merit,
 The mony virtues ye inherit,
 The dauntless, daring, noble spirit,
 Ye aye display,
 And dare thy tender form to steer it
 By nicht or day.

Awa', ye worthless, saulless crew,
 Wha range our moors and woodlands through
 Wi' murd'ring gun, and wallets fu'
 O' chemist's dirt,

To drench wi' gore the warbler's brow
 For gain or sport.

Noo, farewell Rob! a while ye'll chime
 Your notes 'midst winter's storms sublime,
 Then, like some bardies and their rhyme,
 From prospects bright,
 Sink 'neath the with'ring frosts o' time
 In death and night.

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THE TWA OWLS.

“Ye tauntin’ loons ! trow this nae joke ;
For anes the ass o’ Balaam spoke,
Better than lawyers do forsooth ;
For it spak naething but the truth.”—FERGUSON.

In swelling storms the day had passed away,
And darkest night slept over Fundy’s bay ;
The moon was hid behind a cloudy pile,
And overhead no star was seen to smile ;
No sound was heard except the surges roar ;
That burst in foam upon our rocky shore ;
And sounding falls, whose thunders borne along
Swell’d the hoarse echo of the ocean’s song.
The silvery rays our Island light-house shed
Hung like a halo, o’er the countless dead,
Who press’d by famine from their native land
Had sought a home on fair Columbia’s strand.
But in their wake, from Erin’s stricken shore,
Came pestilence across the ocean’s roar ;
The ships were smitten by its poisonous breath,
And sharks were fatten’d by the work of death,
Who, on our Island frown’d like an eclipse
And drew his victim thousands, from the ships,
Sav’d from the tempest’s wrath, and ocean’s waves,

To reach the shore, and sink in foreign graves.*
 A HARDING labour'd with a hero's zeal,
 Fought the grim tyrant for the people's weal :
 Fair life, and hope was with him thro' each tent,
 And even the dying, smil'd where'er he went,
 Till struck at length, by pestilential dart,
 He felt its poison in his veins and heart,
 So, sternly bowing to the voice of doom,
 He left the field, unconquer'd tho' o'ercome.
 But to my tale, the midnight's parting knell
 Still thro' my ears rung like a friend's farewell,
 The fire's last embers had withdrawn their glow,
 My lamp was flickering, dim, and burning low :
 Yet still I sat in revery profound,
 Deaf to the world, and blind to all around,
 When suddenly a rustling 'mongst the trees
 As leaves were shaken by a gentle breeze,
 A noisy flutter and a piercing scream
 Assail'd my ears, and rous'd me from my dream.
 A sudden tremor spread throughout my frame ;
 I started, star'd, but knew not whence it came.
 Next sought the window, and beheld from thence
 Two monstrous owls, perch'd on the outer fence,
 Whose large grey eyes sent forth a spark'ling light
 Bright as the fire-fly on sweet July's night.

* On the authority of George Harding, Esq., M. D., Medical Superintendent of the Quarantine Station, I may state, that during the rage of the ship-fever pestilence in 1847, not fewer than 1000 of its victims found their last resting place amidst the scanty soil of Partridge Island.

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My son or

A sorts o' things hae been turn'd inside out,
 But Sandie, lad, I'm sure ye brawly ken
 That constant change attends the paths o' men ;
 They hae sae mony notions o' their ain,
 Ye'd think auld nature made her works in vain.
 Fient haet she's done can please them as it stands,
 Be't mountains, forests, rivers, lakes, or lands,
 A' maun be made to suit their ilka plan,
 And yield subservience to the will o' man ;
 Na, even the lightning's godlike, fiery stream,
 Maun bow obedient to his power supreme.

SANDIE.

Ower true my frien' that constant change attends
 Despotie man in a' his ways and ends,
 Here on this isle where noo we sit at rest
 My guid auld mither yearly built her nest,
 Noo waes my heart! the very tree is gane
 Whar first I breath'd and learn'd to fly my lane.

JOCK.

Cheer up man Sandie, dinna look sae sad,
 Mankind when done are no sae very bad ;
 Just cast aroun' frae where we sit thy e'en,
 Ye'll see enough to change thy mind I ween.
 Here stands enclos'd within this spacious fence
 A braw white cottage rear'd at great expense ;
 Inside weel stor'd wi' blankets, beds and rugs
 To hap poor sailors to the very lugs,
 Wha by mischance hae tint their health at sea,

And but for succor, nicht lie down and dee.
 And mark this stately light-house towering grand,
 A shining honour to our native land;
 I'm tauld for truth its brilliant friendly beams
 For thretty miles o'er sea distinctly gleams,
 To warn the seaman, wha might else be lost,
 Against the dangers o' our rocky coast.
 This gas-house here, below the battery hill,
 Was built short syne to make it better still.
 But waes my heart! I'm tauld the chiel wha hires
 To sweat his saul out o'er their raging fires,
 And keep a' things in order night and day,
 Has for reward sic shamefu' scanty pay,
 That faith he's pinched to keep his bairns in hose.
 Or gust their gabs wi' butter to their brose.
 If sic be sae, shame fa' me but their souls,
 Men tho' they be, are scanty fit for owls.
 Noo glance your e'en adown there to the height,
 Ye see a tower stands pleasing to the sight,
 Crown'd by a bell, that during fog and snow
 Warn's tentless mariners 'gainst coming woe,
 And overlooks the biggings rais'd langsyne,
 For hapless emigrants on quarantine.
 In short, dear Sandie, viewing this and that,
 I deem the Island an improven spat.

SANDIE.

I freely grant they hae done muckle guid,
 But then again it fires my very bluid,
 To see sae mony o' the leading crew

Strut up and down, wi deevil haet to do ;
 But draw their salary, and dress fu' trig,
 Then stand at corners looking wise and big,
 While men wha toil and sweat to do the wark,
 Maun cheat their wames to buy be't brose, or sark.
 For instance noo, that very chiel ye name
 Wha 'stills the gas to feed the lantern's flame,
 Is't richt that he should hae sic scanty means
 To feed, and clead himsel, his wife and weans ;
 Were I a man, before I'd do't mysel
 I'd kick the gas-work and its fires to h—l.
 But guid-sake Jock, what else could we expect
 Frae chiels wha naething but themsels respect,
 God help the Province while it trusts its cash,
 Wi' bankrpt merchants, lawyers, and sic trash,
 Wha like a cook grown greedy o' the grease,
 First licks her fingers then purloins the pease,
 And syne dissatisfied with having both
 She claims the pat, the beef, and a' the broth.

JOCK.

Noo haud ye there, and dinna vent sic wrath,
 Ere lang gae by they'll tread a different path,
 I'll wad a bodle ere a year turns roun,
 Ye'll hear the birkies sowf anither tune ;
 There's some I ken that winna set their lugs
 To bite and snash poor folk as they were dogs,
 Claim double labour for a single hire,
 And tramp on justice as they tread on mire,

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Turn up their snouts at reason's stern appeal,
And look for tribute, where they ought to kneel.

SANDIE.

Well spoken Jock ! they've got true men of late,
To guard their richts, and turn the wheels o' state,
Men fu' o' smeddum, truth, and honest zeal,
Wha wish the Province and the people weel,
And winna tamely let oppression lower
Frac rotten remnants o' the tory power.
Real true blue liberals baith in word and deed,
Wha'd scorn to rieve folk o' their daily bread,
And's done mair guid in twa three months I trou,
Than tory jugglers did a' throu' and throu'.

JOCK.

A' true my frien' sae far as I can see
They've wit and prudence in nae sma' degree,
And's done their best in mony things I grant,
But faith I fear their gratitude's but scant ;
It seems to me they take official pride
In turning lanysyne proven friens aside,
There's Doctor COWE-THE-LOONS, as staunch a chiel
As ever labour'd for the country's weal—
Wi pen and tongue throu' mony lengthen'd years
He pled their cause wi few or nae compeers,
And syne when done, they gied a sidelins lowp
And left the Doctor on his sonsy dowp.
Sic base ingratitude was never kenn'd,
And's quite a thing I downa comprehend.

SANDIE.

But dear me, Jock, ye ken as weel as me
 That best o' men will aften step agee;
 I ken the Doctor gat but scurvy thanks
 For a' his service in the liberal ranks;
 But still my frien, I canna bring my min'
 To b'lieve them guilty o' sic base design,
 There's something queer about the whole affair
 That's troubled mony politicians sair;
 But haith! I'm led to think by public clatter,
 There's been some tory trickery in the matter.

JOCK.

E'en be it sae, for weel I'd like to see
 The liberal birkies keep frae flyting free.
 That TILLEY seems a gay lang headed chiel,
 Pang'd fu' o' lear, and gabs as glib as PEEL,
 Guid grant him health to scratch an auld man's pow.
 And serve his country aye as weel's he dow;
 Sae here my frien we'll let the matter rest
 And seek the comforts o' our cozy nest.
 Some ither night I'll gladly hear your views
 On ither branches o' Provincial news.

They stretch'd their wings, and with one loud
 whoo, whoo,
 Div'd in the night and vanish'd from my view.

JOHN MAUT.

The subject of the following lines, lest any one should mistake his identity, is a natural son of "Old John Barleycorn," about whom Robbie Burns sang many years ago, that :—

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise, &c.

He is also father of one of the numerous branches of the "Alcohol family," celebrated in song as "Ferintosh," "Usquba," "Aqua-vitæ," "Mountain Dew," &c. &c. Of his character and course of life in modern times, Mr. M. seems to draw a very faithful picture.
—ED. COURIER.

Heeh Sirs! ye're a wearifu' chiel, John Maut,
A' my senses ye've dung in a creel, John Maut,
And the guid's truth I speak,
When I say to thy cheek,
That ye're no what ye should be atweel, John Maut.
I ferlie that men are sic fools, John Maut,
Wha've been rear'd among churches and schools,
John Maut,
As to swill aff the licker
That flows in thy bicker,
Sae fraught wi mishanter and dools, John Maut.
Nae doubt, when once fairly begun, John Maut,
Ye're the Deevil's ain buckie for fun, John Maut,
And ye like nought sae weel,
As to trip up a chiel,
Till his nose serves to dibble the grun, John Maut.

Its wae fu' the wark ye hae dune, John Maut.
 Ye hae cover'd the warld wi' sin, John Maut,
 And I'm half led to think
 Mither Eve has had drink,
 When she tint a' her prudence sae sune, John Maut.
 Shame fa' me! but whiles I could greet John Maut,
 To see men reel drunk on the street, John Maut,
 While their wee bairnes dree,
 Wi' a tear in ilk e'e,
 Winter's cauld, and nae shoon on their feet, John
 Maut.
 Ye're a heart breaking, ne'er-do-weel loon, John
 Maut,
 Working mischief morn, e'enin, and noon, John
 Maut,
 Wi' thy big plouky beak,
 Bluidy e'e, and white cheek,
 Ye've disgraced ere noo pulpit and gown, John
 Maut.
 Your heart's cauld, and hard as a stane, John Maut,
 As for conscience or saul, ye hae nane, John Maut,
 Ye've a palsified frame,
 And a worm-eaten wame,
 And your flesh is corrupt to the bane, John Maut.
 O' a' sorts o' crime ye're the root, John Maut,
 Ye level mankind wi' the brute, John Maut,
 And between man and wife
 Ye aft raise siccan strife
 That the tangs hae to end the dispute, John Maut.

Your smiles are but snares o' deceit, John Maut,
 To wile honest men aff' their feet, John Maut,
 Synce point out like a spell
 A' the near cuts to hell

As thy votaries future retreat, John Maut.

Sae be aff' wi' your cantrips and glee, John Maut,
 Nor weave your eurs'd meshes roun' me, John Maut,

 If advis'd for my guid

 I may yet taste thy bluid,

But mair troke, haith! I want na wi' thee, John
 Maut.

Noo fareweel, and ne'er show me thy face, John
 Maut,

In this, that, or ony sic place, John Maut,

 For by a' that's serene,

 I wad rather be seen

Wi' the deevil, ye're sic a disgrace, John Maut.

THE HIGHLANDER'S WIFE.

Steek the door like guid bairns, an' creep close to
the fire,

This nicht fills my bosom wi' dread ;
The snaw's driftin' sair o'er the hill, an' the win'
Like a demon rairs at the lum head.

The puir weary traveller, whae'er he may be,
God sen' him a beild dry an' warm ;
And the mariner tossing afar o'er the sea—
O ! shield him frae shipwreck or harm.

The stars are shut out frae the face of the sky,
That us'd sae to cheer me at e'en,
For they brocht to my mind the blythe hinney days,
When wi' Donald I stray'd 'neath their sheen.
But he's noo far awa' amidst danger an' strife,
Whar bluid flows in torrents like rain,
I ken that his heart's wi' his bairns and his wife ;
But I fear he'll ne'er see them again.

In the dreams o' last nicht my dear Donald I saw,
Love's tears sparkled bright in his e'en ;
Yet I felt as if death held him back frae my arms,
An' a bluidy shroud hang us between.
He spak na' a word ; but O ! sairly I fear
His heart-strings are cut by the glaive ;
Wer't no for my bairns I could rush to my dear
Through the portals o' death and the grave.

Dinna greet, my sweet bairns, I'll be cheerfu' the
morn—

'Tis the sough o' the wind mak's me wae,
An' the thocht that your faither may never return
Frac the bluid-thirsty Muscovite fae;
But aiblins I'm wrang, for the God wha can haud
The vast sea in the howe o' his han',
Can shield him frae scaith, an' may yet sen' him
back,

To his wife, bairns, an' dear native lan'.

God! what did I hear? 'twas my Donald's ain voice,
Borne along on the wings o' the blast—

He said—"Flora, I've come noo to join you for aye.

Haste, dearest and follow me fast."

O Heavens! I see him, mair pale than the snaw,

The bluid's gushing out frae his broo;

I'm coming dear Donald—fareweel my lov'd bairns!

I'm coming to Heaven an' you.

Thus wail'd the brave Highlander's heart-stricken
wife,

In her cot 'mong the heather-clad cairns,

Then frantic arose, clasp'd her hands o'er her heart,

Swoon'd and died in the arms of her bairns.

Next day brought the tidings of sorrow and woe

That Donald the flower of his clan,

Afar midst the Crimean deserts of snow,

Fell, fighting for freedom and man.

THE POET'S PHILOSOPHY.

This world is fair, and our life's but a span,
Then why should we e'er disagree, man,
But live still in love with each brother, each man,
For sic was wise heaven's decree, man.

Let us strive to live honest, thro' thick and thro'
thin ;

And mind aye, humanity's law, man,
Gie our legs to the cripple, our e'en to the blin',
And our hearts to the father o' a', man.

And ne'er let us wantonly tread on the worm,
Nor harm e'en the fly on our wa', man,
Like oursel's they feel pain, though but slender
their form,

And there's room on the earth for us a', man.

If we're strong, let our strength aye be ready in
need,

To lighten the load o' the weak, man,
And never by word, or by thought, or by deed,
Bring the blush to fair modesty's cheek, man.

If feeble, when called on to enter the field,
And bear o' life's battle the brunt, man,
Be truth our good blade, and stern virtue our shield,
And the bauldest will quail 'neath our front, man.

Should wealth be our fa', let us liberally share,
 And ne'er spurn a frien' tho' he's poor, man,
 But let's fill up his kite with our daintiest fare,
 And neither look sulky nor sour, man.

Should our aumry be scant, and our claithing
 threed bare,

And our purse be a' neck and nae tail, man.
 Let us speak words o' joy to sad sorrow and care,
 And comfort the auld and the frail, man.

If auld ; let us glance at the years that are past
 'Ere we censure the follies o' youth, man.
 Then mould our advice, if intended to last,
 With experience, friendship and truth, man.

If young ; we should listen with reverence to eild,
 Nor scoff at the auld fashioned school, man,
 Or we'll own ere three-score by our gray hairs are
 seal'd,
 That experience teaches the fool, man.

This world is fair, and our life's but a span,
 Then why should we e'er disagree, man,
 But live still in love with each brother, each man,
 For sic was wise heaven's decree, man.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE FALL OF DELHI.

Come gentle muse, now spread thy aerial wing,
And guide my fancy, while I dare to sing
Of Sepoy demons, crimson'd with the gore
Of ravish'd innocence on India's shore ;
Fiends, dead alike to sympathies and fears,
Nor mov'd by beauty, even when cloth'd in tears.
Sing O my Muse ! of loving father bound
By chains, and shackles, to the naked ground,
Then doom'd per force to see his ravish'd wife,
Pour forth her life's blood neath the assassin's knife ;
The unborn infant from her bowels torn,
And round his neck hung with derisive scorn ;
Next one by one before his burning eye,
His pratt'ling children neath their butchers die ;
Their final act—'twas charity—to dart,
The friendly dagger in his broken heart.
O God of vengeance ! stretch thy withering hand
And smite from earth, this demon hearted band ;
Loud be thy thunders round that charnel well,
Whose horrors dim the deepest shades of hell,
And give to earth such memories, and such tears
As shade the annals of six thousand years.
Ye British heroes, who have erst withstood,
A world's valour both on field and flood,
Behold now scatter'd o'er the Indian plains,

The blood that circled in your sisters' veins,
 Whose spirits, weeping o'er their ravish'd charms,
 Now call for vengeance from your conquering arms.
 Strike with puissance, till those devils reel
 And sue for mercy o'er the grave of NEILL.
 'Tis charity to strike their funeral knell,
 And sweep such demons to their native hell.
 Ye gallant few, whose iron hearts withstood,
 While aid yet linger'd on the briny flood,
 And dar'd the might a million swords display'd,
 Unsheath'd for murder, and by furies sway'd—
 Long may your memories light the path of fame,
 Link'd with a HAVELock's or OUTRAM's name;
 Bright be the sunshine of your future power,
 As that which cheer'd brave WILSON's dying hour;
 And proud your laurels, as the tales which tell
 How justice triumph'd when proud DELHI fell.

VERSES.

SUGGESTED BY VISITING CROOKSTON CASTLE.

Once more on thy mouldering walls, old tower,
I gaze while fond memory recalls,
 Thy years of the past
 Ere the withering blast,
Of stern ruin laid waste thy great halls.

But time to whom all things must bend, old tower,
Thy glory hath brought to an end ;
 And like man, frail and grey,
 Soon thou'lt mingle with clay,
And thy greatness with nothingness blend.

Where's MARY ? Thy beauteous queen, old tower,
Who so oft led the dance on thy green,
 With DARNLEY her lord,
 Ere the fiend of discord,
With its canker-worm dar'd intervene.

She is gone ! let us sigh for her fate, old tower,
Born to wield the bright sceptre of state,
 But blighted in bloom,
 She was borne to her tomb,
The victim of envy, and hate.

But time laid the chief of her foes, old tower,
Heart broken, and scoff'd midst their woes ;

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While pity's salt tear,
 Wails her cold, bloody bier,
 More, as time all her virtues disclose.

Thy aged companion, the yew, old tower,*
 Is now lost to the lone pilgrim's view,
 But proudly its name
 Shall be link'd with thy fame,
 And the spot be ador'd where it grew.

In the chinks of thy mouldering dome, old tower,
 The bat, owl, and daw, find a home,
 And when night spreads its gloom,
 Where thy ruins consume,
 The shades of thy heroes oft roam.

* On a small mount, close to the east side of the Castle, stood a stately yew, called the "Crookston tree," the situation of which was such that it for ages formed a conspicuous object for miles round. Under the ill-omened branches of this funeral tree, Mary and Darnley were accustomed to sit during the brief period of sunshine they enjoyed... In 1782, the trunk, to the height of seven feet from the ground, measured ten feet in circumference.... Its extinction was accelerated by relict collectors, who "undisturbed by conscientious qualms" cut down and carried away large portions. At length the worthy proprietor, Sir John Maxwell, in order that he might secure his right to what was left, found it necessary to root out the stump, and take it into his own immediate possession. This he did in the year 1817. The greater part of the wood having remained sound, fragments of this celebrated tree are to be found dispersed over the country; some as female ornaments and others in less appropriate forms, such as snuff boxes, and drinking cups.
 —*Fullerton's Gazetteer of Scotland.*

And sadly they wail o'er thy fall, old tower,
 As they glide thro' thy dungeon and hall ;
 Thy deep moat now gone,
 And thou standing alone,
 With thy gateway wide open to all.

The thistle now rears its proud head, old tower,
 On paths where no foeman dar'd tread,
 While o'er thee, grey pile !
 Wav'd the flag of our isle,
 In the years that forever have fled.

When round thee in days of thy bloom, old tower,
 Red war's dreadful thunders did boom
 Unshaken ye stood,
 Midst the rapine and blood,
 That sunk a whole land into gloom

And now, tho' thy pomp like a dream, old tower,
 Has pass'd down oblivion's stream,
 Till time's crumbling rust
 Grinds thy last stone to dust,
 With bright honour thy memory shall beam.

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A PRAYER.

Almighty Jehovah ! before thee we fall ;
Creator, sustainer, and Lord over all ;
Great source of all pleasure and pain ;
At whose nod from on high the wild tempests are
driven,
At whose word streameth forth the fierce lightning
of heaven,
By whose will the dark mountains asunder are
riven,
Oh, let not our prayers be in vain !

Great essence of goodness, of justice, and love,
From eternity throned in thy coelum above—
Immutable, infinite God.

By whose power the vast ocean is chain'd to its bed,
By whose power in their circles the planets are led,
By whose power heaven's dome was with stars
overspread.

Oh, guide us from sin's fatal road !

From the depths of the ocean to earth's utmost
bound,
In ravine and valley, O God, thou art found,
By all who would seek thee aright.
Could we penetrate earth to its innermost cave,
Or were mountains on mountains laid over our
grave,

Were the floods of the ocean above us to rave,
We could not be hid from thy sight.

Thou source of all being, of measureless worth,
At whose breath yonder ball of effulgence had birth,
To thee we in suppliance cry !

The universe, Father, is fill'd with thy grace,
From the throne of bright heaven to uttermost
space !

E'en for us—a rebellious, iniquitous race—
Thou gavest the Saviour to die.

Oh, Father of worlds—omnipotent God !
Support us, thy creatures, who groan 'neath a load
Of transgressions by nature our own.

When thy thunders shall over this universe boom,
And awake all who are, or have been, from the
tomb,

May we number with those who in glory shall
bloom .

Eternally round thy high throne.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR, AND SPOKEN BY THE CHAIRMAN OF, BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.
Celebrated by the Paisley "Literary and Convivial Association,"
in their Hall, 25th January, 1853.

Admirers of Genius, now fill to the brim ;

A toast to his memory I crave—

Whose name down the stream of the future shall
glide,

Revered and acknowledged his country's pride,

'Till time, hoary time, finds a grave.

And who was this great one ! whose soul-searching
eye

Humanity's heart-core could scan—

Could view all its frailties, its wrongs and its crime,

And with pathos unequalled, and diction sublime,

Lament o'er the miseries of man.

Who was he, this bold one, so dear to us all !

Whose Muse, like a magical spell,

Could conjure the fiends from their nether retreats,

And range them in order with tombstones for seats,

While coffins, like presses,

Showed shrouds for ball dresses,

And nothing was heard

From that lonely churchyard,

But pibroch-like sounds,

And mirth without bounds,

From those grim visaged natives of hell.

Who was he this lov'd one ! whose phoenix winged
soul,

Like a thing by Jove's thunderbolt driven,
Thro' millions of worlds, in ceaseless commotion,
Rushed on like a whirlwind thro' space's dark ocean,
To commune with Mary in Heaven.

Who was he, could rouse e'en the sluggard to arms ;
The cynic could kindle to love ;
Could view at a glance all his country's woes ;
And with Bruce on red Bannockburn, charge all
her foes ?

It was Burns, who has now gone above.

Hail, Shade of the Bard ! to old Scotland so dear ;
Methinks from thy home in the sky,
This night, towards earth, thou thine ear may'st
be bending,
To list all those strains which the welkin are
rending,
As upwards, and upwards, their notes are as-
cending,
While heaven's own minstrels their music are
blending,
In honor of thee, now on high.

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LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE CENTENARY ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF
ROBERT BURNS,

Celebrated at Saint John, N. B., January 25th, 1859.

Trowth, Mr. President, it glads my sight,
To see, on this cauld, frosty, January night,
Sae mony chiefs leal, honest, frank and kin',
Assembled here, on "hamely fare" to dine,
Joke, laugh, and sing, and tak' a tout by turns,
In honour of auld Scotland's minstrel BURNS.

Aroun' this board, as far's I cast my view,
Joy lights ilk e'e, and mantles o'er ilk brow ;
Ae common britherhood amang us reigns,
Sweet as the memory of our native plains ;
Our bond of union, may't ne'er be forgot.

All men are men, but then a Scot's a Scot.
Lang may we cock our bonnets at the name ;
Lang may we glory in auld Scotland's fame ;
Lang may it be our greatest, chiefest boast,
That time first saw us on its rocky coast.

Hail Scotland ! hame ! O how these names impart
Fire to my soul, and rapture to my heart ;
And wakes to life before my mental e'e,
Scenes of the past, youth, innocence and glee,
When blythe and merry as the langsyne fays,
We pu'd the gowans frae our native braes ;
Ere yet life's cares, or troubles had began
To strew with thorns the prickly paths of man.
Again my Country ! gazing at thy past,
Bright is the halo fame hath o'er thee cast ;

Thy "Bonny Doon" still pours its floods along,
 Sweet as the echo of its Minstrel's song ;
 And winding Ayr yet laves its pebbled shore
 Pure as when MARY trod its banks in yore.
 Beloved Bard ! To every clime and land,
 Like morning's beams, thy gorgeous strains expand ;
 Born tho' thou wert within an "auld clay biggin,"
 Where "restless rattens" squeak'd "about the
 riggin,"

This night are met throughout the realms of earth
 Thy fellow-men, to glory in thy birth.
 Auld mither Ayr hersel, with mickle glee,
 Joins in this centenary jubilee ;
 And yon "twa brigs" which she takes such de-
 light in

This night shake hands and drop their tinkler flytin,
 And near the scenes where honest "Tam O'Shanter"
 On swank auld Maggy hamewards us'd to canter ;
 This night are met, instead of troops o' witches,
 The wale of men for learning, wit and riches.
 Sweet be their joys till chanticleer shall crow
 In honouring him, "The Bard that's noo awa."

Departed shade ! ere yet the tide of time
 Has swept another century from our clime,
 Those millions now elate with festive mirth
 Shall all have vanished from their parent earth ;
 But who, like thee, amidst their countless throng,
 Shall stamp an era in the march of song ;
 Light be the turf which haps thy hallow'd breast,
 And sweet the dreams of thy eternal rest.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF TANNAHILL.

Once more Gleniffer—yet, once more
Upon thy brow I stand
And view thy Castle, old and hoar,
Where Scotland's sons in days of yore,
Repelled, in fields of death and gore,
The foes of Scotia's land.
Once more thy bearded thistles wave,
Meet emblem of the glorious brave.

Once more I see thy ravine deep,
Half hid among the trees ;
I see its crystal waters leap
From bank to bank, while down they sweep,
Through channel—rocky, dark, and steep ;
Again I feel thy breeze.
Once more the Norland hills I greet,
Where snows defy the summer's heat.

Now to thy broom and heather bell
The bees with rapture cling ;
Again from glen, wood, rock, and fell,
Thy countless feathered minstrels swell
Their notes of love, till sky and dell
With heavenly echoes ring.
Again I hear thy streamlets wail,
And fragrance from thy flowers inhale.

All these, with raptured breast I hail—

But where is now the Bard,
Whose strains, borne on the passing gale,
Were heard afar o'er hill and vale,
Sweet as the eastern nightingale?

Alas! no more is heard
Those magic sounds, that soothe the soul,
And waft his fame to Nature's goal.

Hail, glorious and immortal shade!

Hail, gentle Tannahill!
Thy dust is with thy fathers laid;
But withering time can never fade
Those laurel wreaths, thyself hast made—

Age makes them greener still.
Great Nature, changeless, holds its sway,
But all that 's mortal fades away.

THIS WORLD O' OURS.

This auld world of ours, ever since it began,
Come or go on its surface what will,
Never alters its course, but aye true to its plan,
Uncerring goes jogging on still.

Since first our auld sire stuck a spade in its breast,
His garden to plant and to till,
The sun, aye the same, rises due in the east,
And the world unchanged jogs on still.

Moon, planets, and stars, aye the same as in yore,
Continue their stations to fill ;
And our ain wee bit world, as snug as before,
With the best o' them joggeth on still.

Let man, its chief tenant, Creation's proud lord,
Go wrangle and battle their fill ;
Though millions may sink 'neath the cannon and
sword,
Yet the world, unmoved, will jog still.

Vast empires may rise like the Roman langsyne,
And a blast may blow a' down the hill ;
A puff gars the greatest their sceptres resign,
But the world the same jogs on still.

Napoleon long struggled midst rapine and gore,
A whole world to bend to his will,

But the might of "King Frost" broke his sceptre
of power,

And our planet aye joggeth on still.

Stately piles may be reared o'er the tombs of the
great,

Adorned by the sculptor's rare skill,

But these, like their authors, must bow to stern
fate,

While the world goes jogging on still.

Auld Egypt's grey giants in pride look on high,
And challenge the loftiest hill;

But they, like auld Babel, shall moulder and die,
And the world remain jogging still.

The sordid old miser may worship his gold,

The drunkard his bicker may swill,

Alike both shall pass as a tale that is told,

And the world unchanged will jog still.

Thus earth's brightest glories but live to decay,

Like the flower now in beauty and bloom,

Which, long ere the sun again wakens the day,

Shall have sunk midst the wrecks of the tomb.

Then heed not such baubles! the riches and fame

For which mankind so often have striven,

Are nought, when compared with the virtuous aim,

Of tracing Truth's pathway to heaven.

VERSES

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Noo winter is coming pell-mell,
Rampaging, fierce, bitter and snell,
 Wi' cranreuchie frosts,
 Snaw and hailstanes in hosts,
Laying desolate mountain and dell.

A' nature is shrouded in gloom—
Glen and grove now are mute as the tomb ;
 Whaur sangsters in spring,
 Gar'd the sweet echoes ring,
And flowerets were breathing perfume.

The forest is silent and bare ;
Nae lav'rock floats high in the air ;
 But river and loch,
 Burn, mill-dam and trough,
Ilk fast bound by ice to its lair.

The skaters are rampant wi' joy ;
The curlers, nae care can annoy,
 As they roar roun' the rink,
 Gite wi' pleasure and drink,
In transports withouten alloy.

Sad poortith, a' airts that I scan,
Red nebbit, is chittering and wan,

Scant o' claes, meat, and worse,
Fient a plack in his purse,
Ochone, for the misery o' man!

Alack, for the days that are gane!
But sighing is useless and vain,
Till Spring frae the bush,
Wake the blackbird and thrush,
Then glory auld Nature again.

SIMON CROLY'S ELEGY.

O Death! relentless, harsh and cruel,
Has Nick, at last got scant o' fuel?
That thus thou send'st us a renewal,
O' grief and dread;
Ye've reiv'd New Brunswick o' a jewel,
Sime Croly's dead.

Great was his mind, great was his merit,
And great the fame he'll yet inherit,
A nobler, or mair manly spirit,
Frae earth ne'er fled;
How can the browster-bodies bear it,—
Sime Croly's dead.

Weel was he bred, weel was he born, -
E'en fame yet touts his grand-sire's horn,
Still green the laurels, did adorn,
His father's head,
But greater far, was he we mourn;
Sime Croly's dead.

New Brunswick's sons are cloth'd in gloom,
Arising frae his sacred tomb;
It's daughters blushing in their bloom
By love are led,
To weep, where low his banes consume,
Sime Croly's dead.

Weel may they pour their mournfu' notes,
 O'er where his mortal carcase rots :
 Ilk creature cloth'd in petticoats,
 Black, white, or red,
 He lov'd, as drunkards love their pots,
 Sime Croly's dead.

He was the couns'lor, pride and patron,
 O' mony a heartsick, lane auld matron,
 Wha noo hae nought but Tabby Bautron
 To fill his stead ;
 Thrang down their cheeks the tears are patt'rin,
 Sime Croly's dead.

A better heart, ne'er warm'd a body,
 A blyther, ne'er got drunk wi' toddy,
 A truer, ne'er ran for a howdy
 In time o' need,
 But noo he's low as ony mowdy,
 Sime Croly's dead.

Mourn a' ye paint-brush, artist dabblers,
 Mourn lang-tongued philosophic gabblers,
 Mourn anti-revelation squabblers,
 And shake wi' dread,
 The prince o' speculative babblers
 Sime Croly's dead.

Deep vers'd in geologic lore,
 He prob'd its mysteries to the core,
 He roam'd ilk hill, and rocky shore,
 Wi' weary tread,

For fossils, shells, and a' sic store,
Sime Croly's dead.

Great was his astronomic lear,
He ken'd the planets, pole, and bear ;
In chemistry, wha noo shall dare
To fill his stead ?

Alas ! he's left an empty chair,
Sime Croly's dead.

O' surgery, wha had sic a notion ?
Or wha like him prescribe a lotion ?
He'd mix a poultice, or a potion,
For heart or head,
As grave's a parson at devotion,
Sime Croly's dead.

Langsyne he roam'd o'er whaling seas,
Without diploma or degrees,
A GALEN, fed on pork and pease,
And mouldy bread,
Stern want his virtue ne'er could freeze,
Sime Croly's dead.

When game was up, like him wha guide
The barb'd irons to the monster's side,
Or strike the spear till ocean's tide
With blood grew red ?
He was the whalemen's stay and pride,
Sime Croly's dead.

Nae tar, nor soldier, drunk or sober,
Nae butcher bred, nor self-taught jobber,

Nae doctor, quack, nor learn'd land lubber
 In college bred,
 Like him could cut and carve the blubber,
 Sime Croly's dead.

Old ocean now may growl and grumble,
 Its whales unscath'd may toss and tumble,
 Till a' aroun be foam and jumble,
 Nor fear his greed ;
 Their langsyne foe's noo cauld and humble
 Sime Croly's dead.

When mounted on a hobby donkey,
 Sae grim his face, his air sae spunkey,
 His neck sae curv'd, and wame sae clunk aye,
 Sae bald his head,
 He seem'd some half singed powder monkey,
 Sime Croly's dead.

His lanely parrot noo may chatter,
 And fill the house wi' wailing clatter,
 He wha aye mix'd its bread and water,
 Frac earth has sped ;
 Stern death the best o' friens will scatter,
 Sime Croly's dead.

Poor Bawsy noo may yowl and yowf,
 And seek in vain ilk weel ken'd howf,
 Nought meets him there but gowl and gowf,
 And hearts o' lead,
 Where erst was heard his merry wowf,
 Sime Croly's dead.

Heart broken beast ! thy vanish'd glee,
 Thy drooping tail, and waefu' e'e,
 Bespeak the burning agony

To which thou'rt wed,
 Death's reft a generous frien frae thee,
 Sime Croly's dead.

Let nae mock mourners bear my pall
 When borne hence frae this earthly ball,
 But grant some kindly, douce jackal,

By friendship led ;
 To mourn mine, like my hero's fall,
 Sime Croly's dead.

EPITAPH.

Stop passenger, and view this mound
With aspect melancholy,
Here wisdom lies beneath the ground,
And here lies Simon Croly.

If thou'rt a man who pines for fame,
O! bend thy body lowly;
Here lies a sage, who did the same,
And here lies Simon Croly.

If thou'rt a Virgin pure and fair,
Pass on, nor tread it slowly,
Beneath this turf lies virtue's snare,
And here lies Simon Croly.

If thou'rt a saint with soul upright,
O! breathe a prayer holy,
Here ribaldry lies wrapt in night,
And here lies Simon Croly.

The worms here revel on a heart,
That aye was blythe and jolly,
Till pierc'd by death's relentless dart,
Now here lies Simon Croly.

THE EXILE'S DREAM.

Once again with heart elated,
I was bounding o'er the sea ;
With my native land before me,
All its friendships, and its glee ;
All the scenes which early childhood
Had made sacred to my lyre ;
The fond greetings of a mother,
And the ashes of a sire.

Wide around the waves were dancing
To the music of the wind ;
Still ahead the ship went prancing,
With the fleetness of a hind ;
Her snow white sails expanded
To embrace the friendly breeze,
While majestic as a conqueror
She went sweeping o'er the seas.

Time on wings of gladness fled,
All the storms were left behind ;
And with cheerful hearts and weather
On she rode before the wind ;
O ! what bright enchanting visions,
To my fancy then appear'd ;
'Twas sunshine to my wither'd soul
As Scotland's hill I near'd.

Ever Scotland, dearest Scotland,
 Shall this heart of mine revere,
 The gleas that cleave thy rocky breast;
 Thy mountains, dark and drear,
 Rob'd in purple blossom'd heather;
 Crown'd with everlasting snow;
 Shielded by thy daring thistle,
 From the might of every foe.

Now I'm landed : and in fancy,
 While the tears unbidden start;
 And deep, choking, sighs of gladness
 Force a passage from my heart;
 By a mother ag'd and hoary,
 I am lock'd in fond embrace;
 Love beaming from her angel eye,
 Heaven's smile upon her face.

O the raptures of that moment!
 O, the pathos of that hour!
 When around one hearth we mingled,
 Heaven's bliss our common dower;
 We had long been held asunder,
 By the icy hand of fate;
 Now in one we were united,
 And our hearts were all elate.

Once again, the vision alter'd,
 Cloth'd in tears I stood alone,
 O'er the grave where sleeps a father;
 Would to God it were my own.

A dread awe crept o'er my senses,
 An eclipse pass'd o'er the sun,
 As shadows of departed days
 Came flickering one by one.

Where, O where, were all those lov'd ones
 Whom in youth I left behind ;
 Whose deep sighs, and tears at parting,
 Like a ghost, still haunt my mind ?
 Like the leaves of blasting autumn
 They had wither'd side by side ;
 Some were dead, and some were dying,
 All, were scattered like a tide.

Now the working of my passion,
 And the reeling of my brain ;
 Tore my eye-lids from their slumber,
 And my fancy from its strain ;
 Thro' the curtains of my lattice,
 Shone the sun's first morning beam ;
 I was resting on my pillow,
 And awake—'Twas but a dream.

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ARCHY McKAY.

"He's the King o' guid fellows, and wale o' auld men."

I've roam'd in the east, and I've roam'd in the west
And I've mix'd 'mang the circles by fortune caress'd,
But for true honest worth, and a heart that beats
high,

Commend me to Killie's bard, ARCHY McKAY.

His heart, hand, and pen, are aye ready I ween,
To help e'en a fac, maist as meikle's a frien,
Ye may search through braid Scotland, and never
desery

A chield mair obliging than ARCHY McKAY.

With pridefu' conceit he ne'er cocks up his nose,
But's kind and leal-hearted wherever he goes;
A bite for the hungry, a drink for the dry,
Are never a wanting, frae ARCHY McKAY.

A word o' guid counsel he aye has to spare
For the victim oppress'd by fell sorrow or care;
And while he breathe's comfort, his ee's seldom dry,
There's but few folk ye'll meet wi,' like ARCHY
McKAY.

'Tis pleasing to see him beside his ain ingle,
Whar a' sorts o' bodies in unity mingle,
Priests, Lawyers and Doctors, are no the least shy,
About entering the back-shop o' ARCHY McKAY.

Deep, deep is he read, in the beuks o' langsyne,
 Baith Homer and Virgil, he kens ilka line,
 Their faults, and their beauties, stand clear to his eye
 For a critical noddle has ARCHY McKAY.

On history's page he can revel wi' ease,
 He cracks like a sage o' the earth and the seas,
 And in ilk thing he speaks o', a moral he'll spy,
 He's a lang-headed fellow, this ARCHY McKAY.

The books that he writes about famous auld Killie.
 Displays him a talented, auld farren billie,
 He cracks in't sae knacky, sae pithy and sly,
 That we laugh aye, and greet too, wi' ARCHY
 McKAY.

His lyre's melting tones set the saul a' on flame,
 When he sings o' the rapturous pleasures o' hame,
 'Mang auld Scotland's bardies there's few that can
 vie

Wi' this musefavor'd carlie, blythe ARCHY McKAY.

His doucie auld wifie as neighbours can tell,
 Tho' no quite sae learn'd 's just as guid as himsel;
 This mak's a' folks happy, and cheerfu' forby,
 Wha happen to ca' upon ARCHY McKAY.

Noo far-ye-weel ARCHY, but while I hae life,
 I'll aye bear in memory baith thee and thy wifie;
 And if first ye should seek your abode in the sky,
 Then i'll greet o'er your ashes dear ARCHY McKAY.

JOCK WI' THE CRIMSON DICKIE.

Ye may search thro' the land frae one end till the
ither,

'Mang a' sorts o' bodies, 'mang fowls o' a' feather,
And ye no find a kindlier husband or faicher,
Than Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

A sonsier bird ye'll no find in the parish,
Sae stately his step, and his plumage so rarish,
A spirit unequall'd, so reckless and darish
Is Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

At the head o' the Kecklers he struts trig and
sprucely,

Whiles stretches his neck out and craws loud and
crouselly,

Then stopping, deals roun' his kind favours fu'
douceely,

Kind Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

He eidently scrapes baith on turf and on midden,
The hens are aye ready to come at his bidden,

When 'mang them his scrapins are fairly dividen
By Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

He is mild as a priest, when engaged at his pickins,
But bauld as an eagle when war his nerve quickens,
Till death he wad fecht for his hens or his chickens,

Brave Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

His spurs are an inch lang and sharp as twa lances,
 As rivals a' feel when before them he dances,
 Six kicks at the maist, and they're brought to their
 senses

By Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

Guid help the poor fool wha wad dare try to cuckold
 him,
 Forquikly as thought Jock's sure aye to buckle him
 And winna leave off till completely he knuckle
 him,

Bauld Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

Shortsyne a young scamp wi' a comb red's a cherry
 Came yont to Jock's quarters and try'd to make
 merry,
 But quick o'er the fence he flew off in a flurry
 Frae Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

Whan he and his wives seek their roost in the
 c'enin',
 Tis pleasing to see them a' towards him leaning,
 And he kens by a chuck, what ilk ane o' them's
 meaning,
 Learn'd Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

Wad men throw their pomp midst the mire that
 they trample,
 And wisely abide by Jock's honest example,
 They'd keep wives and weans, baith in meat and
 claes ample,
 Like Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

I'll noo drap my sang, sae guid nicht to ye Jockie,
 Lang may ye strut on your pins firm as a rockie,
 My best wish be wi' you my braw gawcie cockie,
 Rare Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

VERSES

Most respectfully inscribed to our auld friend and favourite
ROBIN REDBREAST.

Ye're welcome again to our lan', Robin Red,
To cheer baith the e'enin' and dawn, Robin Red.
 Wi' thy sweet plaintive strains,
 While the ance verdant plains
Are hid by the snaw that has fa'en, Robin Red.

O' a' nature's minstrels ye're king, Robin Red;
Ane and a' clean and fair, ye can ding, Robin Red;
 When John Frost, the auld loon,
 Spreads red nebs through the town,
To our sauls a sweet solace ye bring, Robin Red.

The blackbird and mavis, ochone! Robin Red,
With the laverock and lintie are gone, Robin Red;
 E'en auld nature hersel'
 Seems to weep and to wail,
While ye soothe wi' your heart-stirring tone, Robin
Red.

Ye're a sodgerly, stout-hearted chield, Robin Red,
Ever valiant in camp or in field, Robin Red;
 Were auld Hornie thy foe,
 Ye wad gie blow for blow,
Aye, and fecht till ye'd fa' ere ye'd yield, Robin
Red.

Noo the callants are fidging fu fain, Robin Red,
 In hopes soon to mak' thee their ain, Robin Red ;
 Sae beware o' their traps,
 Or wha kens what mishaps
 May befa' ere the winter be gane, Robin Red.

In my youthtime—I mind o't fu' weel, Robin Red,
 My ain selfish pleasures to seal, Robin Red,
 Wi' a gir and some hair
 I constructed a snare,
 Baith thee and thy freedom to steal, Robin Red.

Syne I spread it out snitch after snitch, Robin Red,
 On a bank by the side o' a ditch, Robin Red,
 And wi' pleasure I saw,
 Ere five minutes awa,
 Ye were up to the houghs in a hitch, Robin Red.

Up I ran wi' the speed o' a hare, Robin Red,
 To secure thee, but ere richt aware, Robin Red,
 My taes struck a stump,
 Sae I fell wi' a plump,
 O'er the lugs in the ditch clean and fair, Robin Red.

Wi' sair hotching, and heching, and pyne, Robin
 Red,
 I got out, cursing baith thee and thine, Robin Red.
 Syne wi' cauld shiv'ring frame
 Sought the nearest way hame,
 And ne'er gaed a trapping sinsyne, Robin Red.

Here's, may siclike mishaps be his share, Robin
Red,

Wha to wrang thee wad cruelly dare, Robin Red ;
And were I a king,

A' sic scoun'rels wad swing
By the heels ae half hour in the air, Robin Red.

Noo, fareweel, and may fortune aye shine, Robin
Red,

Upon thee and the hale o' thy line, Robin Red ;
I thy worth will revere,

Through each fast fleeting year,
Till my life's latest breath I resign, Robin Red.

JOHN BULL.

During the reign of political phrensy, which convulsed Europe in the year 1848, the author of these pieces, clothed with all the patriotic enthusiasm of youth, thought proper to join the standard of "THE PEOPLE'S CHARTER." The result of which was the following philosophical address to the jolly old fellow whose name it bears.

For gudsake, your lug lend a wee, John Bull,
While twa words o' counsel I gie,
 Whilk though gi'en in Scotch rhyme,
 If accepted in time,
May do guid baith to Britain and thee.

Our lan's in a sorrowfu' plight, John Bull,
Wi' contentions between might and right,
 An' if might still gaes on
 As it has done, ochone!
Auld Britain will soon sink in night.

Wi' sorrow, short syne I was tauld, John Bull,
That thy pow has grown hoary an' bald,
 That thy ee's glaz'd an' sunk,
 Body shrivell'd and shrunk,
In fact, tottering, infirm, an' auld.

How unlike the fam'd days that are gane, John
Bull,

When in glory ye rode o'er the main,
When thy thunder afar,
Bade defiance in War,
To Holland, to France, an' to Spain.

But, alas! a' thy fechtin' and fame, John Bull,
Noo are past, like a grip in thy wame,
While the bairns groan an' fret
Neath the mountain o' debt
Ye contracted to crush freedom's flame.

Aye, there's wearifu' yaumerin' at hame, John
Bull,
Against loons wha at politics game,
Wha do nought—wi' your leave—
But oppress an' deceive,
An' vile measures o' tyranny frame.

Ye're a queer sort o' big bellied chiel, John Bull,
Thus to drive things headlang to the deil,
Sic taxation—keep me!
Are the puir doom'd to dree,
That its past a' enduring atweel.

Noo simmer's saft breezes are blawn, John Bull,
An' winter presides o'er the lan',
Yet there's mony a chiel
Wants baith claithin' an' meal
To protect 'gainst his cauld icy haun'.

John

Sae can sic things be passively borne, John Bull,
 While the earth yields forth plenty o' corn,
 While the store-houses groan
 Neath the treasures they own,
 An' the hungry are treated wi' scorn.

Bull,

I frankly admit there's a few, John Bull,
 Wha gorge on the best till they spew,
 But for ane o' that ring,
 There are thousands, by jing,
 Whase feeding's scarce fit for a sow.

John

For mysel' I've sma' cause to complain, John Bull,
 But observe, out o' ten I'm but ane,
 Twelve hogs I can earn,
 To support wife and bairn,
 An' our kail's made o' guid marrow bane.

Bull,

Though Scotia's climate be cauld, John Bull,
 Remember her callants are bauld ;
 They will storm, an' they'll flyte,
 An' wha kens but they'll bite,
 If richt's banner ye winna unfauld.

Bull,

Should the Chartists an' Humites agree, John Bull,
 An' adopt the same means to get free,
 By Sanct Mirren I swear,
 Ere this time o' neist year,
 On thine throne wad bloom liberty's tree.

Noo for ance in your life be sae wise, John Bull.
 As accep o' a cobbler's advice,
 Tak' the start o' the loons,
 Gie them justice, not frowns,
 Or thy power will dissolve like the ice.

Aye, soon the blythe morning will daw, John Bull.
 Just as sure as the winter brings snaw,
 When Cobden an' Hume
 Will make a new broom,
 To sweep our oppressors awa'.

n Bull.

EPISTLE TO MR. WALTER WATSON.

Author of, "We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet;
"Jockie's far awa," &c.

Paisley, November 1848.

n Bull.

AULD FRIEN'—

Just noo, my auld gutcher, the thocht has come
jumpin',

While thro' my craz'd pow yon nine lasses are
stumpin',

To tak frae the bunker my faithfu' auld whistle,

And lilt twa three verses, in form o' epistle,

To ane I'll revere wi' a heart-felt devotion,

While hurricanes runkle the face o' the ocean.

Sae here by the ingle, wi' pen, ink, and paper,

Auld cutty weel primed, and the gas for a taper;

Blythe Meg by my side busy darnin' a stocking,

While wi' her richt foot the bairn's cradle she's
rocking;

Wee Johnnie is snoring asleep in his hammock,

Wi' kite packet fu' o' guid aiten meal drummock;

Mysel', here I sit, wi' a heart like a feather,

Tho' a string o' black prospects, as lang as a tether,

Surround; ever cheered by the sun o' the future,

I gar a' things dreary remain in the neuter.

A king may be gaudy, be pompous, and wealthy;

But than me, nane's mair blithe when the bairnies
are healthy.

I own I'm whiles fashed wi' a wee bit depression,

But that I aye view as a nat'ral digression;

Sae scud it awa' as a thing to make jeest o',
And scorn't like a true son o' reekie auld Seestu.*

My worthy auld carlie, this while I've been
thinking,
Thy legs might do waur than to Paisley come
linking,
To pay a frien's visit to me and my kimmer,
Some time, soon or syne, between this and the
simmer.
I've nae pickled trashtries for strangers to grou at,
But there's meal in the barrel, and guid luck in
the cruet;
We never were rich, but our Maker be thankit,
We ne'er in the gulf o' adversity sank yet;
I've twa hands that can work, sae wi' Peggy to
tend it,
Thank Gude! we hae aye made a passable fend yet;
In my purse there's a saxpence that wears the
Queen's noddle,
O' whilk ye'se get share o' until the last bodle;
To boot, a guid bed, in the town there's nane better,
To rest thy tired shanks, when ye're worn out wi'
clatter;
A bedfellow, too, who will join in sleep's solo,
Weel pleased to be near such a son o' Apollo.

By Sanet Mirren! when ance at the table we're
seated,
By music, and frien'ship, and whisky elated,

* Paisley.

Should care dare to enter, he'll sink in the licker,
 While we toast his fall o'er a full-flowing bicker.
 The crambo in blauds we will screed to ilk ither,
 O'erjoyed wi' the pleasure o' meeting thegether.
 Blithe Mitchell and Fleming will join in the quorum,
 And dainty M'Donald shall lilt Tullochgorum ;
 Teetot'lers may gloom, and condemn sic carouses,
 I deem it a tribute we owe to the Muses ;
 Drink sherbet wha may, I will ne'er cry a parley,
 But nought warms the heart like the bluid o'
 John Barley.

Though armed wi' stern fury, the winter advances,
 Though Boreas revels, and icicle glances ;
 Though nature throughout seems baith sighing and
 sobbing,
 Her minstrels a' mute, save the red-breasted Robin ;
 Tho' flowers are decayed—I regard not the differ,
 While firm on their base stand the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The whilk, when ye come, be it raining or snawin',
 Be't freezing like Iceland, or hurricanes blawin',
 We'll visit in honour o' Scotia's sweet sangster—
 Tannahill, thy auld frien', and o' poets the bangster.
 We'll view Stanley Castle, noo tottering and hoary,
 Memento o' auld Caledonia's glory ;
 Though gone be its pomp, and its heroes departed,
 It still claims our love for the brave and true-
 hearted,
 Who joined heart and hand; in one solemn alliance,
 And hurled from its dome to proud Denmark
 defiance.

O'er the braes, ane and a', clad in storm-coat o'
 heather,
 We'll ramble and scramble, wi' hearts like a
 feather;
 And view ilka neuk that the poet tak's note o'—
 The glen wrapt in gloom, and the Craigie-linn
 grotto;
 Syne roun wi' a sweep by auld Ellerslie clauchan,
 Whase yill affen sets honest Ellers a laughing;
 Whar close wrapt in honour, in majesty wavest,
 The tree that ance shielded the bauldest and bravest,
 When murderous tyrants in fury assailed him,
 And Scotland, puir Scotland, disconsolate wailed
 him;
 Where stands a lone tower, to which fame aye
 shall call us—
 The tower that gave birth to our glorious WALLACE.
 Hail, name of my heart, whose true courage
 undaunted,
 Aft baffled in battle the might Edward vaunted,
 And raised thy loved land from corruption and
 slavery,
 To honour and might by thy consummate bravery.
 But a knave, foul as hell!—in my soul how I hate
 him—
 May vengeance from heaven at Doomsday await
 him—
 Sold thy life to thy foes—filthy gold was his barter;
 And ye died for our country—for freedom a
 martyr.

The last spot on our chart to which fame points
 the needle,
 Is the birth place o' WILSON*, forlorn in the Seedle,
 Beside yonder crags, o'er which Cartha comes
 gushing,
 And foams wild as frenzy while downwards it's
 rushing;
 Clouds of spray seek the sky from the gulf that
 lies under,
 While the mills on ilk side loud re-echo its thunder;
 Meet haunt for the Muses, when rude surly
 Boreas,
 In hoarse whistling sounds, blends his voice in the
 chorus.

Noo, here, honest frien', I shall wind a con-
 clusion,
 As the night has grown late, and my brains in
 confusion;
 Sae fareweel, dear Walter—but trou me, while
 Winter,
 Brings death to the hare, and delight to the hunter;
 While spring wakes the glee o' baith youthfu'
 and hoary;
 While simmer presents nature wrapt up in glory;
 While autumn undresses baith shrub, bush, and
 hard-oak—
 Ye'll live in the heart o' your frien',

WILLIAM MURDOCK.

* Alexander Wilson, the American Ornithologist, and author of
 "Watty and Meg," &c.

A N S W E R .

Auchinairn, 29th December, 1848.

DEAR WILLIE—

The first steps o' life are sae short and unsteady,
That haste canna trust to its speed—
The han' o' a trustworthy guide maun be ready.
Or down comes the wee body's head;
That health, flow'ry health, wi' the service o' plenty,
Will tax up the boy to the man,
And what he *could* do at his sweet ane-and-twenty,
He's ready to think that he *can*.
Nae leading, nae watchin', nae tel'ing is wantit;
The foibles o' age get a smile;
A body in bloom, an' a spirit undauntit,
He'll dash through a journey in style,
Whate'er sort o' spirit may rule in his bosom,
Some mystic, magnetical power
Will draw kindred spirits about 'im to sponse 'im,
Let fortune be kedgie or sour.
Ta'en up wi' himsel' an' his spansks, in a frolic,
Owre boggie he splutters at e'en,
Yet, girn as he may wi' the girls o' the colic,
He winna let on whar he's been.
Tho' years be required to lead up to the summit
That manhood reviews as its own,
Yet years pressing on will by numbers o'ercome it,
An' time-laden manhood comes down.
Yet back to the side whar the beams o' the morning,
Led mirth to the gowany green,

He never can harbour the hope o' returning,
 To share in the sports he has seen.
 'Tis weel if ambition and pride gae amissin',
 Ere frailty be makin' its name,
 For *will* to be foremost is hardly a blessin',
 If *qualification* be gane.
 But nae corner jinkin' nor skulkin' for a' that,
 The sae ordered *how, where, an' when*,
 We never heard tell o' a mortal but twa, that
 Won clear o' the case at the en'.
 Noo, Willie, I'm sure ye'll be thinkin' 't a wonner
 What a' this palaver's about;
 I've led mysel' in, but as sure's I'm a sinner,
 I watna weel how to win out.
 I'm auld as a body, and auld as a rhymmer,
 Far down the back stile in them baith,
 Sae noo as a tramper, an' eke as a chinner,
 I've whiles to haud still an' tak breath.
 When I had read owre your fu' welcome epistle,
 Invitin' to crambo chit-chat,
 Thinks I, gin I had but as ready a whistle,
 We wadna be lang about that.
 Noo crazie mysel', an' the muse doure an' donner't,
 We micht be thocht daft to begin,
 An' yet she sicht up, "Sin we hae been sae honnert,
 Neglect wad be something like sin."
 Aweel, sir, I lippen't a scent to her backin',
 An' syne we agreeet on the plan,
 O' trying a shift at the simile makin',
 An yoked the changes o' man.

When young we were glaket an' fain to be muckle,
 An' outance was just a delicht;
 Syne mouthfu's o' praise, an' a cantie bit chuckle,
 Misfortune ran clean out o' sicht—
 But no unco far, for she winna haud aff us;
 Fair play! na, she never heeds that—
 At e'en or daylight, na, nor sleeping,' Gude safus,
 What th' deuce wad the kimmer be at;
 Her mither an' her mak their game o' the gamesters,
 An' a' witty-acres agree,
 That *Miss* has a pick at the wee silly rhymsters,
 An' sae fins my Musie an' me.
 Yet, when a true brither like kin' Willie Murdock,
 Taks note o' this cranreuchie pow,
 She'll aiblins prick up her auld lug to the Bardock,
 An' hobble awa as she dow.
 Altho' in my breast I would fain mak a step to
 Auld Seestu, sic cronies to meet,
 'Tis out o' my power at the time to accept o'
 The pleasures ye spread at my feet.
 But hope's still alive, sae we'll aiblins forgether,
 An' shake a' thir sorrows adrift—
 My "string o' black prospects, as lang as a tether,"
 May rise like a mist to the lift.
 Good nicht wi' ye, Willie—my kindness to Peggy,
 An' Johnnie, yer bairn, on her knee;
 Forgetna some nicht, when ye're airin' yer naigie,
 To drap a bit stanza to me,

WATTY WATSON.

EPISTLE FROM MR. WALTER WATSON.

Written on his reading the two foregoing Epistles in the "Kilmarnock Journal" of Oct. 14th and 21st, 1852.

Duntiblae, 20th October, 1852.

MR. WILLIAM MARDOCK—

DEAR FRIEND—

Thou comes frae Kilmarnock, quoth I to the paper;
A gay bit awa, but thou cou'dstna come cheaper;
To penniless bodies 'tis truly a blessin',
That yon heavy postage is now gaen amissin'.
Thou'rt marked three hunder an' second, new series,
'Tis no just enow I may read a' thou carries.
Let's first hae a glance at the news frae Parnassus.
Gin bonnetie Killie be gaun wi' the lasses;
The poet is aft made the butt o' the scorner,
But M——w indulges 'im wi' a bit corner.
Dear me, am I dreamin'?—is this the epistle,
I had frae my Paisley frien's faithfu' auld whistle?
Fact I'll hae a read o't yet, noo as 'tis prentet;
I aye thoct the chap had it gayen weel paintet,
Yon nine singin' hizzies to cheer up an' guide 'im;
They're sibber than neebors just livin' aside 'im;
He'il touch aff a verse o' parnassian jingle,
As fast as a cobbler wad birse a bit lingle,
An slee as the tod, wi' a style sae invitin'
He pleases the lug, be he fleechin' or flytin'.
He's no like some rhymers, aye grum'lin' at fortune,
For no gi'en mair o' her bounty to sport on.

He sets baith his neeves an' his shouthers atoilin',
 An' that brings a seum on the pat when tis boilin'.
 An' Peggy—lang may they be happy thegither!
 Sae thrifty a wife, and sae kin'ly a mither;
 By makin' her market, and cookin' the kettle,
 They ay hae a place for contentment to settle;
 An' syne 'tis no likely he'll fa' in a habble,
 By steekin' his han', like penurious Nabel;
 He brisk on supplyin' the cravings o' nature
 Wi' something to chew, an' gay draps o' the creature.
 The Pharisee publican bodies an' sinners,
 Were clear on gif-gaf for their jobins an' dinners,
 But he rins his chance for whatever may follow,
 Wi' ane wha he reckons a son o' Apollo;
 An' his is a notable family for bein's
 Wha raise amair din for their getin's than gien's.
 The talented company, too, that he speaks o',
 Is just what a body wad like to hae weeks o';
 There's Mitchell, the Laureate, ready an' able—
 I see 'im in thought at the head o' the table;
 The next that he names is our kin'-hearted Fleming,
 Tho' no unco loud, he's ay frank an' beseemin';
 We'll set 'im as saft as we can, an' as near us,
 He'll catch some bit pat observation to cheer us.
 M'Donald's saethrang amang kirks an' auld biggins',
 I sayna for a' that he rides on their riggins',
 He's this way an' that way, keekboin' an' amblin',
 The citizen newspaper's ca'in' it ramblin';
 I'm no very sure yet gin Willie may get 'im,
 Or gin he might settle to sit where we set 'im;

There's ae thing we ken—if he's ane o' the party,
 He'll bear a gude han' at the keepin' us hearty ;
 When roun' gaes the crystal, an' roun' gaes the bicker,
 Care leukin' ahint 'im, an' cursin' the licker—
 A sang frae the chair—Yes, yes, Willie, I'm comin',
 Your frien'ly epistle 's a gude enough summon.
 The bard Tannahill, like the fowls o' his feather,
 Had favorite walks, new ideas to gather,
 An' woo his sweet muse frae Castaliu's fountain,
 An' ye can rin o'er them, I see, just like huntin' ;
 Yer profferin' kin'ly to pilot me through them,
 An' I maun confess I wad like to review them,
 But something depends on my shanks an' the weather ;
 I'll no try knee-deep amang snaw-hapet heather ;
 I'll rather tak finger-point canny assistance,
 An' leuk to the stey brucket braes at a distance ;
 I'm weel enough in wi' the Ellerslie clauchan,
 Whar wauchts o' gude yill sets the Ellers a laughin' ;
 But what did the poets yon day hae ye min' o't,
 I'm thinkin' they leugh an' the lan'lord was fine o't.
 We'll no ca' 'im Scotsman, wha's bosom is callous,
 On hearin' the fate o' the great William Wallace ;
 But time wears awa, an' events on the back o't ;
 We needna turn huskie for ought we wad mak o't.
 Monteith, if na sprinklin' o' grace ean athort 'im,
 They lie on Auld Nickie, gin he dinna sort 'im.
 The Seedle comes hinmost, but dinnabenight me,
 The picture ye draw o't is liken to fright me ;
 I've read o' a fall o' the famed Niagara—
 The writer lets on that it hasna a marrow ;



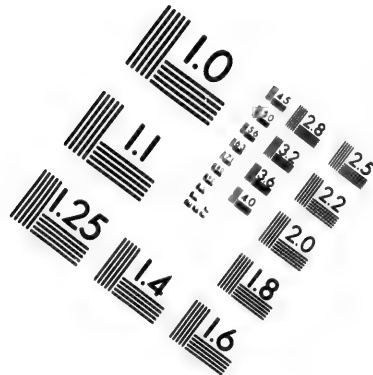
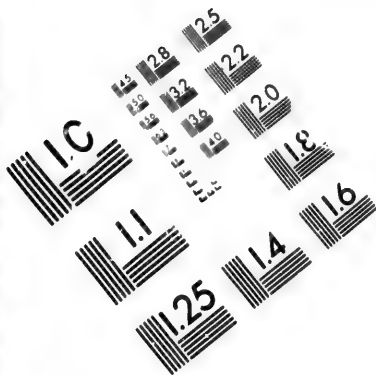
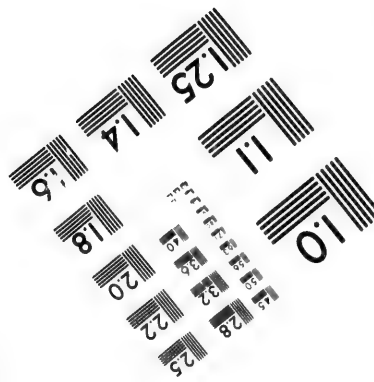
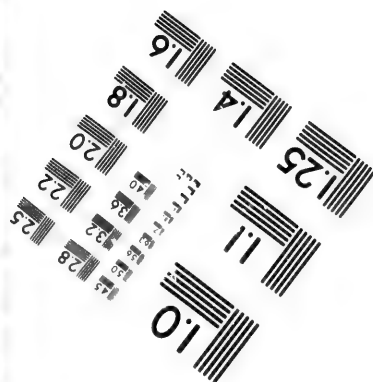
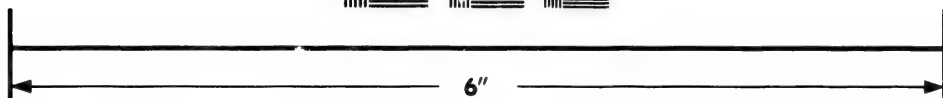
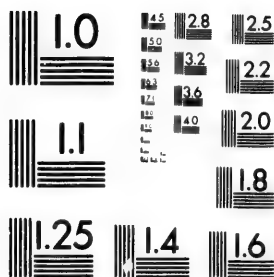
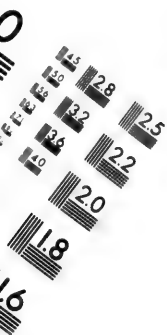


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But just let him come any day that he's idle,
 An leuk to the Cartha's descent at the Seedle;
 There's gushin' an' rushin', an' thunder an' echo;
 The rumblin' o' mills grunnin' meal to mak cake o';
 A gulf wi' the spray o't ascendin' to heaven,
 A view gaun for naething, an' seein's believin';
 An' this is the birth-place o' Wilson, poor fellow,
 Ye ken how they did 'im, sae I needna tell you.
 It canna but cheer me to be sae respecket,
 By ane mother Nature hersel has selecket,
 To wait on her han', like a son at his duty,
 An' sing like a lover her skill an' her beauty.
 Reservin' a part till we meet to be talkin'—
 I wish you God speed in the way we soud walk in.
 W. W.

ON READING THE "JOURNAL" OF OCT. 21ST, 1852.

I see ye've gi'en in the bit scrawl to be prentet,
 But if I had kend, I had tried to prevent it;
 A thing that was sticket an' a', for the want o'
 A something, waes me, I am everly scant o'—
 The want o' *right words* to express what I'm meanin';
 But what wad I mak o' a twelvemonth's compleenin',
 It's no private noo, when it's in the newspapers,
 We'll just say its ane o' yer hurryin' capers.
 The foregoin' piece is the answer intended,
 An' as it was written I thought I wad send it,
 Let you an' yer prenter do ought that ye like wi't,
 The ingle wad soon put an' en' to the fyke wi't.
 Next Thursday (if fair) I'm intendin' to see you,
 To weet my auld girsil, an' pass a night wi' you.

Yours ay, WALTER WATSON.

EPISTLE

TO MR. JAMES M'LARDIE, GLASGOW.

Paisley, 8th March, 1859.

DEAR JAMIE:

Stern winter noo has fled awa,
And spring apace comes prancing ;
The joyous flowrets sweetly blaw
Where sunny rays are glancing ;
Their sweet perfume when zephyrs blaw
Is perfectly entrancing ;
The lambkins gay, wi' fleece like snaw,
On hillock taps are dancing,
Wi' joy this day.

Ance mair the sturdy ploughman chiel
Thro' fertile lawns is gliding ;
Ance mair the Redbreast's gane afiel,
And ceas'd in man confiding ;
Ance mair the birds, in glen and shaw,
Their sweetest notes are chiming ;
Ance mair my muse has gi'en a ca'
And set me thrang a rhyming
To thee this day.

Again the whirling wheels of time
Hae brought a towmont fairly,
Since last wi' thee I swappit rhyme,
In routhy blauds or sparely ;

But noo I vow, before I steek
 My e'en in slumbers dreamy,
 Twa verse, or three, of rhyme to cleek,
 And send them aff to Jamie,
 This very day.

Hail Jamie lad ! quite fidging fain
 I gat thy welcome letter ;
 I read it o'er and o'er again,
 And ilk time thought it better ;
 At times my chaffs were like to crack
 Wi' laughing at thy joking,
 At times my heart, whack after whack,
 Against my breast kept knocking
 Wi' grief that day.

Where learn'd ye sic a knacky art,
 To breathe thy joys and sorrows ?
 How learn'd ye sae to gar my heart
 Wi' thine, for aye beat chorus ?
 Thy witching strains my bosom warms,
 They're tun'd sae smooth and skillie ;
 Come to my heart ! come to my arms !
 Ye're welcome aye to WILLIE
 On ony day.

Sanct Mungo's bairnie's use ye weel,
 As lang's ye are amang them ;
 Or may the muckle hornie deil,
 For misdemeanor whang them,

If ony ill hair'd fechting scamps
 Wad dare to harm thy body,
 Deil wring their painches wi' the cramps,
 Nor gust their gabs wi' tody
 Be't nicht, or day.

But hear me Jamie, words are win ;
 'Tis actions speak the trusty ;
 Sae if ye'll meet me some day soon
 Ere time our love makes rusty ;
 I'll shaw you then, a heart that's true,
 And shall be sae forever,
 Till death shall stop my earthly view,
 And saul and body sever
 For aye some day.

Awa ye warldly minded pack
 Wha idolize your riches ;
 The hearts and sauls of men ye lack,
 Ye worthless miser wretches ;
 Gie me the frien' that's free o' guile,
 And saxpence whiles to sport on—
 Then though I'm overpress'd wi' toil,
 I'll snap my thumbs at fortune,
 And sing ilk day.

Kings, dukes, and lords, I'll ne'er envy,
 Unless my mind much alters ;
 They're just a graceless dronish fry,
 Wham a' should swing in halters ;

I hae twa hands to work for clink,
 A healthy kite for crowdy,
 A wife wha wears a pleasant blink,
 And cash to pay the howdy,
 Belyve some day.

Here Maggy bids me haud my wheesht,
 Nor hint sic smutty meaning,
 Sae, least mayhap her tongue gets creesht,
 I'll stop, to save compleening ;
 Than Meg, a better wife ne'er bless'd
 The hame o' man, I'm thinking ;
 But save us a' ! if barley-corn
 Should set my e'en a winking,
 On ony day.

Fareweel ; my rambling rhyme I'll close,
 As midnight fast advances ;
 My e'en hae noo begun to doze,
 To wink, or see, as chance is ;
 But trow me, while I hae a heart,
 The worth o' man to cherish,
 Thy name shall never frae it part,
 Till mind and memory perish,
 For aye some day.

EPISTLE

TO HUGH M'DONALD, ESQ., GLASGOW,

Author of "Rambles round Glasgow, &c.

Published by that gentleman—who is himself represented by Mr. Graysteil—with the following introductory and critical remarks, on May 15th, 1856, in one of a series of articles, entitled "*Chronicles of Sanct Mungo's Club*," which were at that time being published in the *Glasgow Times* :—

A flowing trio of glasses having been enthusiastically disposed of—enter Waiter

WAITER—A letter for Mr. Graysteil, with the American postmark.

[*Exit Waiter.*

GRAYSTEIL—An American letter for me; let me see't. Oh, ay; its frae Willie Murdock, the hermit o' Partridge Island, aff St. John, New Brunswick. I ken the hand; and, as I leeve, it contains a lang screed o' rhyme. Willie hasna left his muse abint him in Paisley, although I'm jalousin' there's a gude bit o' his heart in that auld toon and its gate-ends.

WHINBUSS—If there's no secrets in the effusion, I would like to hear what the late souter of St. Mary's Lane has thus sent for our gratification "ow'er the saut sea faem."

GRAYSTEIL—Secrets! Na, na, there's nae secrets that an honest man mightna hear in the verses o' our trans-Atlantic brither. Sae, rax me my specs, and I'll let ye hear what the poet o' Partridge Island has to say for himsel'. Noo, attention gents. (*Reads*)—

Partridge Island, St. John, N. B.,

DEAR HUGHIE—

April 1st, 1856,

With raptured heart, I daur the deil
To quench the lowe o' love I feel,
While in this lone Columbian beil,
My muse I set her,
To write my worthy frien' Graysteil,
A frien'ly letter.

Come on, my muse, inspire my rhyme ;
 Gar ilka word and sentence chime ;
 And aiblins tinge wi' thought sublime,
 Ae verse or mair,
 To spread your fame thro' Scotia's clime,
 As bardie rare.

Here, on a lonely sea-girt isle,
 Whar's scarce a tree to grace the soil,
 Nor flower at dewy morn to smile
 Wi' fragrant bloom,
 Nor singing bird to cheer our toil,
 And mental gloom.

Close seated by the cooking stove,
 At hour when ghaists and fairies rove—
 The wife and the wee bairns I love
 Deep wrapt in slumbers—
 My langsyne faith and truth to prove,
 Pour out my numbers.

Without, the wind is piping loud ;
 Death's darkness hill and dale enshroud ;
 Nae star is seen aboon the cloud,
 Wi' sparklin' e'e,
 And waves come rollin' fierce and proud
 Frae far at sea.

Just noo I hear the breakers roar
 Amang the rocks that gird the shore ;

Still Maggie gies the tither snore,
 In sweet repose,
 And bairns, responsive, grunt encore
 Thro' mouth and nose.

Yet a' this elemental strife,
 'Twixt wind and waves, and bairns and wife;
 This medley droll, wi' discord rife,
 Can ne'er astound;
 For fancy, charged wi' love and life,
 Is hameward bound.

Ye winds, blaw till ye burst your bags;
 And dash, ye billows, on the crags;
 Ye drenching rains, come down in dags—
 Ye fire my saul;
 While Scotia's thistle proudly wags,
 I'll love ye all.

Hail, Scotia—hail! thy very name
 Lends vigour to my jading theme;
 Bright land, where first the muses came
 To cheer my hearth;
 Land dear to virtue and to fame—
 Birthplace of worth!

Even now fond memory wafts me o'er
 The wide Atlantic Ocean's roar,
 And lands me on thy sea-girt shore
 All wrapt in joy,
 Where erst I roam'd in youth and yore
 A wayward boy.

I see thy towering mountains rise
 Snow-crested to the summer's skies ;
 I hear a mother's parting sighs,
 Now old and hoar,
 And mark a sister's tear-dewed eyes
 I'll meet no more.

Now o'er my head the birch trees wave,
 Which shade that dark, sepulchral cave,
 Where virtue pours, o'er fallen brave,
 Deep notes of woe ;
 I'm bending o'er a father's grave,
 Now cold and low.

I heard him heave his latest sigh,
 I saw life's lustre leave his eye—
 While angels bless'd were hovering nigh
 To waft his soul
 To realms where pleasures never die,
 Beyond the pole.

In fancy, now, what memories fain
 Come crowding to my teeming brain
 What scenes of joy, what scenes of pain
 Pass in review !
 That erst in Scotland's dear domain
 I've wander'd through !

Before my mental eye I see
 Each loving heart, each laughing e'e,

That wont, 'midst youth's wild revelry,
 My voice to greet ;
 Now sunder'd by the rolling sea,
 Ne'er more to meet.

I see the friends of years mature,
 In whose lov'd ears my soul I'd pour—
 M'Kay, M'Donald, Smith, and Muir,
 M'Lardy, Yool,
 I'll love, while life and sense endure,
 With heart and soul !

With these choice hearts, in bygone days,
 I've roam'd 'mang Scotia's dells and braes.
 Whaur lambkins dance, and maukin plays,
 And burnies sing,
 And feathered minstrels pour their lays
 Till echoes ring.

Now, in this God-forgotten land,
 Upon my lonely isle I stand,
 And view the far-receding strand
 O' Fundy's bay,
 Without one object, rich or grand,
 To fire my lay.

O, lack-a-day ! my dainty Hugh,
 This country's no for me nor you—
 A bleak, bare wilderness a' through,
 I dare be sworn,
 Nor laverock springing frae the dew
 To wake the morn.

Nae heather here waives on the knowes,
 Nae gowden broom in beauty grows,
 Nae bearded thistle bauldly rows
 Its tassels free,
 Nor blinkin' gowan decks the howes
 Wi' laughing e'e.

The sheep and kye, on hill and plain,
 Are dwarfish heaps o' skin and bane—
 The pigs alone can fatness gain
 On this damned soil,
 Whaur worms can scanty creep their lane
 For lack o' chyle.

For five lang months stern winter reigns
 Despotie o'er these wide domains ;
 His iew spear makes hills and plains
 His vengeance share,
 With lakes and rivers bound by chains
 Fast to their lair.

Soon as December, dark and drear,
 Brings Christmas sports and dinners near,
 Ere yet auld Scotia's blythe new year
 Is welcom'd ben,
 His biting winds and snaws appear
 Frae's norlan' den.

And, Lord, when ance they hae begun,
 Drift after drift comes wi' the win',

Till syne when ance their race is run
 And spent their might
 Three feet o' snaw hides mother grun'
 Frae mortal sight.

God pity, then, the poor blue-noses,
 Their cheeks like flour, their nebs like roses ;
 They puff, they grue, and swallow doses
 To heat their wame,
 Till aft when night their business closes
 They hiccup hame.

And noo, dear Hugh, tho' far we be,
 Divided by the raging sea,
 O'er this guid cup o' barley bree
 I wish ye weel ;
 Let's gie auld Scotland three times three
 Wi' hearty peal.

Sae noo my worthy frien', Graysteil,
 I'll drap my pen, and say fareweel,
 Remember me to ilka cheil
 I lo'ed langsyne,
 My love for a' within thy beil
 I'll never tine.

PALLETTE.—Good, vigorous verses, truly, with a dash of manly smeddum pervading them, that would have pleased the ear of Burns.

WHINBUSS.—Some of the verses are very happily hit off, and have the sound ring of the genuine metal. Burns himself, the prince of rhyming letter-writers, need not have been ashamed of several passages in the production.

GRAYSTEIL.—Willie never penned a mair masterly effusion than that same epistle. But ane can see that he's quite in earnest here,

and that the hame sickness is nae feigned complaint. Alas! for the exile wha yearns for his native shore, but wha canna return. It is something, however, to hae even in dreams, the privilege o' wingin' ane's way to the beloved land; and wi' the rich imagination that he undoubtedly possesses, our frien, Willie, will be often wanderin' by the green braes o' Gleniffer, or lingerin' in pensive solitude by the hoary turrets o' Stanley.

WHINBUSH—*Sings*:

Ae last request, permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a'—
Ae cup—I ask it with a tear—
To him, the bard, that's far awa.

A cup to the health and prosperity of Mr. Murdock, and Mr. Murdock's fireside.

OMNES—To Mr. Murdock's health and prosperity.

Drunken with all the honours.

GRAYSTELL.—And noo, before we gang—for I maun lift early the nicht—let me sing you a bit sweet little lyric in the Willie Miller vein, which Mr. Murdock has also been kind enough to forward to me. I daresay you will both like it as a genuine heart utterance:—

A SONG FOR THE NURSERY.

My bonny, bonny bairnie,
Come to mither's knee,
An' cuddle in her bosie
Warm wi' love for thee;
Let her kiss your hinney lips,
Sweet as sweet can be—
Come awa' my bairnie,
Come to mither's knee.

My bonny, bonny bairnie,
Blythe am I to see
Ye toddlin, out an' in, pet,
Gite wi' fun an' glee:
Racing wi' the kittlen
Roun' the apple-tree—
Come awa' my bairnie,
Come to mither's knee.

My bonny, bonny bairnie,
 The sunshine o' thine e'e,
 Maks licht the mony cares an' toils
 In life I'm doom'd to dree.
 The rose that's bloomin' on thy cheek,
 For gowd I wadna gie—
 Come awa, my bairnie,
 Come to mither's knee.
 My ain wee tricky bairnie,
 Ye're thrang jinking me,
 Fou o' life an' innocence,
 As lammie on the lea.
 Noo I've catched thee, wee rogue,
 Sing rock rock-a-ree,
 An cuddle in my bosie,
 Noo, ye're on my knee.
 My bonny, bonny bairnie,
 Come awa' an see
 If father's bringing frae the glen
 Bonny flowers to thee.
 There he's passing through the stile,
 Sing hey daddie-dee,
 Come and gie the bairnie
 A dandle on your knee.

PALLETTE—A very sweet little lyric indeed, and creditable alike
 to the fancy and the feelings of the writer. But "the hour ap-
 proaches Tam maun ride;" so, I've an arm for each of you gentle-
 men, and here we go. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

GRAYSTEEL—The lost is ever best beloved; and speaking of that
 reminds me of some other verses which I have in my pouch, and
 which I've just received from an auld Paisley friend, Willie Mur-

dock, who is now a sojourner on the other side of the Atlantic. Willie was a shoemaker in Seestu, but, puir fellow, the world didna gang a' thegither richt wi' him in his native town, and sae he was induced to try his luck ayont the Atlantic's roar. After mony an up and down, he has at length become located on a bit wee island, called Partridge Island, in the Bay of Fundy, off St. John. Here he is engaged in making gas for a lonely lighthouse, who erst made boots and shoes for the gude folk of Paisley. But Willie, although maybe in better circumstances in his present Crusoe-like situation, has still a lang e'e hame, and a love for the scenes and the friends he has left, which distance can never diminish, and

Though seas between us baith may roar,

I still cherish in my heart of hearts a kindly remembrance of my gude auld friend.

TODD—But what of the verses, Mr. Graysteel?

GRAYSTEEL—Ou ay; I had amaist forgotten them in thinkin' o' their author. Weel, just fancy Willie sitting on last New Year's Day by his watch-tower in the far West, and looking wi' tearfu een ower the braid blue deep, and croonin' to himsel the following lines:—

SONG OF AN EXILE.

TUNE—“*It is not on the battle field.*”

O tell na me this is my hame,
 I ne'er can think it sae,
 O tell nae me this land's my hame,
 It fills my breast wi' wae;
 For though I've been an exile lang,
 Frae friens and native shore,
 The dreams o' youth still bind my heart
 To dear auld Scotland more.

Her dancing rills, and foaming linns,
 Her thistle waving free—
 Her blue-bells deck'd wi' simmer's pride,
 Her sang-birds a' in glee;

The storms that revel 'mang her hills,
 Where mountain torrents roar,
 A' bind my soul wi' magic chains,
 To dear auld Scotland more.

Mine is the land o' daring deeds,
 O' valour, truth, and love,
 Mine is the land where freedom holds
 It's patent frae above;
 Our fathers bought it wi' their lives,
 And sealed it wi' their gore,
 And dying charged their later sons
 To love auld Scotland more.

Aye, mine's the land where Wallace fought,
 In many a bluidy fiel',
 O! I could pour my ain heart's bluid,
 For dear auld Scotland's weal;
 Wi' joy I've trod, in langsyne years,
 Her wild enchanting shore,
 And noo, when bending o'er the grave,
 I love her more and more.

PALLETTE—A very pretty batch of verses they truly are, and, I doubt not, warm from the heart of the writer.

GRAYSTEEL—Ye may tak my word for that,—Willie was a sincere lover of his country, of her scenery, and of her songs, of her birds, and of her flowers, and, above all, of her honest men and bonnie lasses. I doubt not that his heart often grows grit, and his e'e becomes dim, as he thinks on the sunny braes of Gleniffer, or wanders in fancy by the windings of his native Cart. Alas, alas! how the auld familiar faces are scattered.

TODD—I rather like your absent friend's verses, my dear Mr. Graysteel. Has he written much in the poetic line?

GRAYSTEEL—As much, I daursay, as wad fill a family bible. Amaist his only solace, when working at the shoon, was the crambo

clink, and he was continually pouring it forth. Unless an antrin bit to the papers, however, he seldom fashed the world wi' his musings, but contented himself wi' crooning them to his ain inward ear. He'll hae wealth of time, I'm thinking, to court the Parnasian kimmers at the eerie Partridge Island lighthouse.

WHINBUSS—Has he sent you no other effusion at this time than the little one which you have so pathetically recited.

TODD—No other gem of purest ray serene, from the muses of the western world?

GRAYSTEEL—O yes; but I'm thinking ye'll agree wi' me, that its mair behaidden to the sang-spirit of Scotland than to that of Partridge Island. You shall hear, however:—

AUNTIE'S WEE DAWTIE, AND UNCLE'S GUID BAIRN.

Was there ever a bairnie since nature begun
Sae choke fu' o' antics o' frolic and fun?
Sae kind and guid natured, sae winning an' douce,
As the prattlin' wee laddie that cheers our ain house;
Love beams frae his e'e, and wit sits on his broo,
Benignity's smile aye encircles his mou',
Towards him our hearts daily mair and mair yearn,
For he's auntie's wee dawtie and uncle's guid bairn.

He tumbles the chairs, and maks carts o' the stools,
He chaps wi' the hammers, and digs wi' the shoos;
He rows on the floor wi' the cat and the dog,
Grips the ane by the tail and the ither the lug;
He chases the hens, and he fechts wi' the cock;
He rides on the pig, and sits firm as a rock.
Aboon a' ither bairnies he shines like a starn—
He is auntie's wee dawtie and uncle's guid bairn.

When I come hame at e'en frae the toils o' the day,
My heart thuds wi' joy as I hear him at play,
And whenever he kens my foot-fa' on the stair,
To the blythe ingle side he draws in the arm chair,

time than

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BAIRN.

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m chair,

and spinner of verse. Prosperity to him and his in the land
to which he has gone.

[OMNES, upstanding, do ample honour to the toast.]

GRAYSTEEL (singing)—

Ae last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a';
Ae cup—I ask it with a tear—
To him the bard that's now awa.

But the foot of the iniquitous Mackenzie is already at the door,
and sae "gude nicht and joy be wi' you a'.

[EXEUNT OMNES, singing,

O, wae be on Forbes, the fause prying loon,
The dread o' gude fellows in country and toon;
In the midst o' our daffin he spoils aye the game,
And gars us untimely gang toddlin' hame.

in the land
the toast.]

S O N G S .

MY ISLAND HOME.

at the door,
s, singing,
oon ;
ame,

Sweet summer now hath shed its bloom
And winter's coming fast ;
The trees their golden robes resume ;
The flowers have breathed their last ;
The autumn winds are piping loud ;
The sea is cloth'd in foam ;
But warmth and mirth, and life and love,
Aye cheer my Island home.

Around my home the sea-birds play,
In graceful whirling flight ;
And eagles seek the realms of day,
Exulting in their might ;
The seaman's song swells on the breeze,
As forth he goes to roam ;
Encircling with a cadence wild
My lovely Island home.

The lord may revel in his halls
Amidst his menial train,
Yet misery still his heart enthrals,
If vice hold fast his rein ;

But happiness expands her wings
 Around my humble dome,
For virtue blooms within the walls
 Of my dear Island home.

My wife is loving, kind, and true—
 With health my children glow ;
And health and love, when mutual, crown
 All human bliss below.
I care not for great wealth or fame—
 They're transient as the foam ;
Give me domestic truth and love,
 And my dear Island home.

THE AULD MAN'S SANG.

Oh! happy, happy, were my days,
In the years o' lang syne;
When care sat licht upon my heart,
And a' life's joys were mine;
When youth and love and friendships dear,
Were blin' to coming ills;
When licht o' foot and lithe o' limb,
I roamed my native hills.

The wimplin burn, the birken shaw,
The sylvan, fairy glen;
The moorland cot, the castle hoar,
The spunkie haunted fen;
Wi' memory's e'e I see them yet,
While grief my bosom fills;
For gane's my youthfu' dream o' bliss,
And gane my native hills.

My wife—noo mouldering 'neath the mools—
Was loving, leal, and fain;
My gallant son in battle fell,
Beyond the raging main;
My daughter—tender as the tear
An angel's e'e distills—
Now sleeps upon her mother's breast,
Far frae her native hills.

I'm noo a puir, time-stricken man,
 My locks are thin and gray;
 My head's sair bending to the grave.
 My heart is sunk in wae;
 My legs are frail, my e'en are dim,
 The frost my auld bluid chills,
 While lanely here I beg for bread,
 Far frae my native hills.

O Scotland, dear! my native lan',
 Still through the mist o' years,
 I see thy bonny, heathery knowes,
 And greet them wi' my tears;
 A foreign grave may be my share—
 But come what Heaven wills,
 My latest sigh, my latest prayer,
 Shall be for Scotland's hills!

AULD AUNTY NANNY.

TUNE—" *Banks of the Dee.*"

Noo dead and awa is our auld Aunty Nanny,
Wha ance was sae counthy, sae canty, and fain ;
Her failings were few, and her virtues were many,
But noo she has left our auld uncle alane ;
He's left cloth'd in eild, the doomed victim of
sorrow,
Tears seal up his day, and despair wakes his morrow,
His past seems a dream, and nae hope can he
borrow,
The future's sae clouded wi' grief, gloom and pain.
Noo lanely and auld, poor, heartsick and uncheery,
Deep, deep are his sighs, baith afiel and at hame ;
Cauld, cauld is his hearth, when he toddles hame
weary,
Nae smile greets his entrance, nae voice breathes
his name ;
Langsyne when he came frae his toils in the e'enin',
A' jaded and worn, sairly doilt and compleenin',
She cooter'd him sae wi' warm flannels and linen,
As quickly refreshen'd his weary-worn frame.
Her John was her a'thing, her earth's dearest
treasure ;
Without him she had na a thought for hersel' ;
To see him a' richt was the sum o' her pleasure,
His smile was her heaven, his frown was her hell.

His arm-chair was set by the side o' the ingle,
 Where blithely ilk e'enin their converse did mingle,
 But noo our auld uncle's heart-broken and single,
 Since death's ta'en our kindly auld Aunt to himsel.

A warin-hearted body was auld Aunty Nanny,
 As a folks shall own that e'er saw her at hame;
 Her house aye sae clean, and hersel' cosh an' canny,
 Bespoke her the housewife, and guid natur'd
 dame;

The beggars a' kent her for miles roun' her dwelling,
 Her aumus, their meal-pocks was constantly
 swelling—

Noo tears dew their e'en while they're waefully
 telling

The virtues o' her wha is deaf to their fame.

She is gane to her rest noo, our auld Aunty Nanny,
 But fresh as Spring's blossoms her memory
 remains;

We lo'ed her langsyne, when she liv'd wi' our
 granny,

And manhood but strengthens our feelings when
 weans.

Nae stane marks the spot where her ashes are
 sleeping,

But round it the angels their vigils are keeping,
 And dew'd are the flowers by the tears love is
 weeping,

O'er her that midst glory in Heaven now reigns.

DOCTOR MAGEE.

TUNE—"Widow Machree."

My heart it is broken, and never will mend,
O! dear Doctor Magee,
For death has just throttled my very best friend—
My dear, dear Doctor Magee;
He was borne to his tomb
Amidst sorrow and gloom,
And his neat carpet room
Is now woeful to me;
E'en the pig in the sty,
Wears a tear in its eye,
For dear, dear Doctor Magee.

The mugs and the bottles he loved so to deck,
O! dear Doctor Magee;
With his drugs and his potions, are going to wreck,
My dear, dear, Doctor Magee;
All his lances and saws,
His nic-nacks and gew-gaws,
Like an onion each draws
The big tear to my e'e;
And the goose, though half blind,
Brings him aye to my mind,
My dear, dear Doctor Magee.

Had he died of the cholera, fever, or pox.
O! dear Doctor Magee ;
I would not, just now, have been tearing my locks
For dear, dear Doctor Magee ;
But my heart, O be still !
The great cause of his ill,
Was—he swallowed a pill
Of his own cookery !
And now he is dead,
And the turf's o'er his head,
My dear, dear Doctor Magee.

ocks.

my lock-

"THERE'S A DUB BEFORE THE DOOR."

In my sojourn through this world,
I have aft been struck, I wot,
How a' bodies I hae met wi',
Are unhappy in their lot.
Be they e'er so stout and healthy—
Though their cup be rinnin' o'er—
Much the same, 'mang poor and wealthy :
"There's a dub before the door."

Frae the king down till the cadger,
Frae the palace till the cot ;
Holy priest and subtle lawyer,
Moral-sage and drunken sot,
Wigged judge and trembling felon,
Doomed to cross the ocean's roar—
A' join the lamentation :
"There's a dub before the door."

Ask the soldier, clothed in glory,
Ask the hermit, in his cot,
Ask the seaman, on the billow,
Or the landsman o'er his pot ;
Ask the shepherd, on the mountain,
Or the sportsman, on the moor,
And the answer's still unaltered :
"There's a dub before the door."

Earth's pleasures ne'er bring happiness ;
True piety's the moat
That guards this mortal citadel,
'Gainst sin's polluting rot ;
Since the days when ancient Adam
Steep'd his soul in Satan's lore,
TRUTH, VIRTUE, LOVE, alone can fill
"The dub before the door."

HONEST WORTH.

Honest worth ! a health to thee,
 Macksna' what thy guise may be ;
 Clad in ermine, or in rags ;
 Armed with meal or money bags ;
 Born to low or lofty station ;
 Ruling alms-house or a nation ;
 Honest worth ! where'er ye be,
 Here's a hearty health to thee.

Scoundrels may be rich and great ;
 Honest men may rule a state ;
 Truth and candour crown a lawyer ;
 Honour gild a drunken sawyer,
 Truthful zeal may grace a preacher,
 Zealous truth live in a fletcher ;
 Worth ! where'er thy home may be,
 Here's a hearty health to thee.

See yon fop in fashion's cleeding,
 Void of honour, sense, or breeding ;
 Showing airs would grace a Frenchman ;
 Acting deeds would shame a Henchman ;
 Bending low to massy purses ;
 Answering honest toil with curses :
 Sterling worth, where'er ye be,
 Here's a hearty health to thee.

See this lowly man, whose clothing
 Fills that brainless fop with loathing ;
 Arm'd with sense of moral merit,
 How he musters up his spirit,
 And through shades of modest blateness,
 Dares to scan the front of greatness ;
 God-like worth ! where'er ye be,
 Here's a hearty health to thee.

In my hand the glass is brimming ;
 Love and hate my mind are skimming ;
 Hate against the pride of station ;
 Love for worth throughout creation :
Vice is *vice*, in king or cadger ;
Virtue's virtue, in a gauger :
 Worth ! whate'er thy rank may be,
 Here's eternal health to thee.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANT.

TUNE—" *Brose and Butter.*"

Come hearties, a bumper let's drain,
And pledge the downfa' of hame sickness;
We've gallantly rode o'er the main,
Then why should we sink 'neath such weakness?
What though of our kindred bereft,
A truce to nonsensical grieving;
So here's to the land we have left,
And here's to the land that we leeve in.

Though fortune has kickt us from home,
Why should we our spirits be tyning;
A man who is given to roam,
Should never give place to repining;
But box through the crowd stout and deft,
And sing while grim fortune he's reiving,
There's luck in the land we have left,
And luck in the land that we leeve in.

Then why should we murmur or fret?
There's wealth yet in store for the winning;
The only deuc'd thing is to get
A trifle to make a beginning.
Let each take his axe by the heft,
And chaunt while the forest he's cleaving,
There's toil in the land we have left,
And toil in the land that we leeve in.

The earth would soon go to the dogs,
 Were all its inhabitants gentry ;
 For who then would drain off the bogs,
 Or provide for the wants of the pantry ?
 So here's to the plough, warp, and weft,
 And here's to the spinning and weaving,
 God bless the auld land we have left,
 And God bless the new land that we leeve in.

We all love the land of our birth,
 Auld nature hersel' prompts the feeling,
 But this, and it, share the same earth,
 And both round the same sun are wheeling ;
 Her hills by dark ravines are cleft ;
 The songs of her cascades are deaving ;
 There's mist in the land we have left,
 And fog in the land that we leeve in.

Wherever on earth I have been,
 On yon, or this side of the ocean,
 I've aye had the luck of a frien
 I could love with a heartfelt devotion.
 No land of all virtue is reft,
 No matter how much gi'en to thieving ;
 Guid hearts gem the land we have left,
 And guid hearts gem the land that we leeve in.

SONG OF FREEDOM.

TUNE—"Song of Death."

Awake from your slumbers, brave sons of our isle.

Nor longer in fetters remain :

Shall the spirit of freedom benignant smile

O'er the land of a Wallace in vain ?

Shall liberty's trumpet through Europe resound,

While her banner triumphantly waves ?

Shall we, unresisting, be nailed to the ground.

By the shackles of tyrants and knaves ?

Shall scoundrels still trample our rights in the
earth,

And we make no effort to save ?

Or shall freedom be hailed in all lands for its worth.

But in Britain, alas ! find a grave ?

No ! I swear by the shades of the heroes of yore.

Who with battle-axe, buckler, and glaive,

Dyed their heather-clad mountains and vales with
the gore

Of all foes who'd their country enslave.

By their blood ! by their name ! by the wrongs
we endure !

By the smile which kind heaven bestows !

We will yet live unfetter'd, exalted though poor,

Or expire neath the blade of our foes :

Then arise! do your duty, brave sons of the North!
Win liberty's field or a grave:
O God of our sires! send thy thunderbolts forth
To shatter the chains of the slave!

e North!

ts forth

SONG.

TUNE—"Last may a brae wooer," &c

In a cozy wee house by the side o' yon wud
Whar the burnie rins wimplin' fu' clearly ;
Blooms Jeanie as pure as the lily in bud,
And O but this heart lo'es her dearly, her dearly,
And O but this heart lo'es her dearly.

Her cheeks like twa apples are rosy and roun' ;
Her e'en Heaven beams in their glances ;
Her bonny white brow and her tresses o' brown
Like magic this bosom entrances, entrances.
Like magic this bosom entrances.

Her form is complete frae the tap till the tae ;
Her air, for a Queen ye wad tak her ;
She's blythe as the Lamb on the green sunny brae ;
And modest as nature could mak her, could
mak her,
And modest as nature could mak her.

The laverock that mounts thro' the mist o' the morn
To waken the sun frae his slumbers ;
Or the lintie that chaunts on the white blossom'd
thorn
Wi' her canna vie in their numbers, their
numbers,
Wi' her canna vie in their numbers.

Wad Heaven but mak this young lassie my ain,
 Till death, naething else wad us sever,
 I'd kiss her, caress her, and daut her fu' fain,
 Protect and support her forever, forever,
 Protect and support her forever.

Ye starns wha inhabit the regions aboon,
 Thou moon now resplendent in glory ;
 Bear record, I vow, if I'm granted this boon,
 I'll love her till baith hae grown hoary, grown
 hoary,
 I'll love her till baith hae grown hoary,

OF A' THE LADS E'ER SCOTLAND SAW.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

Of a' the lads e'er Scotland saw,
Since first her hills were clad wi' snaw,
Nane e'er Apollo's pipe could blaw
Like canty ploughman Robin.
His master-mind was aye at hame,
Whate'er the spirit o' his theme,
Be 't gentle love, or war's red flame,
A' cam' alike to Robin.

Then let us cheer his honoured name,
Sae dear to Scotland and to fame,
And on our feet, wi' loud acclaim,
Cry, "Hip, hurrah for Robin!"

He gar'd ilk Scot his bonnet raise,
Sae loud he sang in Scotland's praise—
Rocks, dingles, glens, and heath clad braes,
Rang wi' the strains o' Robin.
Ilk hill that cocks its neb on high,
He viewed wi' true poetic eye,
And sang, till echo in reply
Rebounded back to Robin.
Then let us cheer, &c.

He lov'd, when gloamin' on wad steal,
To muse on Scotland's wae and weel;

But O ! her lassocks, fair and leal,
 Entranced the heart o' Robin.
 He sang in strains that warmed the saul,
 O' langsyne heroes, stout and baul',
 Wha sternly strove, frae foreign thrall,
 To save the land o' Robin.
 Then let us cheer, &c.

Earth couldna bind his Muse's micht,
 Sae, through the cluds he took a flicht,
 And revell'd 'mang the stars o' nicht—
 A comet muse had Robin ;
 And while aboon he shone sae clear,
 That a' the planets o' our sphere
 Stood still, and kendna how to steer,
 A second sun seem'd Robin.
 Then let us cheer, &c.

He dived to ocean's deepest cave,
 And rode upon its wildest wave ;
 Nae power could mar him, till the grave,
 Received the banes o' Robin,
 And noo our thistle hings its head,
 Dark gloom o'erspreads baith hill and mead,
 For silence grasps the Scottish reed
 Sae aften tuned by Robin.

But still we'll cheer his honoured name,
 Sae dear to Scotland and to fame,
 And on our feet, wi' loud acclaim,
 Cry "Hip, hurrah for Robin !"

O 'TIS BLITHE IN BONNY JUNE.

O 'tis blithe in bonny June,
When the birds are a' in tune,
To leave the bustling toun,
 When the dawn begins to smile,
And, with soul elate and free,
Track the busy humming bee,
To the daisy-speckled lea,
 There to rove for a while.

There the am'rous laverock springs
Frae the earth wi' dewy wings,
And, soaring, sweetly sings,
 Till echo floats around ;
There fresh streams o' music gush
Frae the merly-breasted thrush,
And the blackbird in the bush,
 Gars the woodlands resound.

There the lammies frisking gay,
Beside their mammies play,
Cheered by the sun's bright ray
 As he journeys to the west ;
And the flow'rets blinkin' sweet,
Shed their fragrance at our feet,
Till our hearts wi' rapture beat,
 Double time in the breast.

O there, as gloaming grey
 Comes creepin' down the brae,
 Merry lads and lasses stray,
 'Neath the moon's siller beam,
 And by love's sweet impulse sway'd,
 Aft adown by yonder glade,
 Richt pensively I've stray'd,
 O' my lassie to dream.

Doun the howe, beside yon rill,
 That comes todlin' frae the hill,
 Aft I've sat and sighed my fill,
 Bonny Peggy by my side;
 And while love distill'd a tear,
 Breath'd my soul into her ear,
 And, in raptures most sincere,
 Clasp'd my heart's dearest pride.

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOO.

The chorus and first stanza of this song are as old as the time of the Reformation, and appeared in Herd's collection. To the original fragment four stanzas have been added by William Murdock, of Paisley, and are printed here for the first time.—[ED. MILLER'S NEW BRITISH SONGSTER.]

“John, come kiss me noo, noo, noo,
O John, come kiss me noo,
John, come kiss me, bye and bye,
And make nae mair ado.

“Some will court and compliment,
And mak' a great ado,
Some will mak' o' their gudeman,
And sae will I o' you.”

Noo twa score years we've married been,
And ne'er had cause to rue,
Yestreen ye said ye lo'e me yet,
And so say I to you.

Tho' auld and gray ye've grown gudeman,
Tho' bald aboon the brow,
My earthly joys, my life itsel'
Are center'd John in you.

Fu' mony hardships we ha'e borne
Sin' first ye cam' to woo,
But fortune's frowns aye fled awa'
Before the smile o' you.

And noo when hirslin' doun the brae
The grave amaist in view,
I nichtly to our Maker pray
To tak' me John wi' you.

LOVELY ISABELLA.

Sad's my heart since we must sever,
Lovely Isabella ;
Sad's my heart since we must sever,
Fairest Isabella ;
Sad's my heart since we must sever,
Part our wedded souls forever,
More to meet, ah ! never, never,
Dearest Isabella.

Ne'er again while luna's shining
Lovely Isabella ;
Ne'er again while luna's shining
Fairest Isabella ;
Ne'er again while luna's shining
Rapt we'll roam when days declining,
Love our hearts round it her twining,
Dearest Isabella.

Henceforth doom'd a hapless ranger,
Lovely Isabella ;
Henceforth doom'd a hapless ranger,
Fairest Isabella ;
Henceforth doom'd a hapless ranger,
Far from thee midst toils and danger,
Every where a lonely stranger,
Dearest Isabella.

But when far from thee I'm roaming,
 Lovely Isabella;
 But when far from thee I'm roaming,
 Fairest Isabella;
 But when far from thee I'm roaming,
 Still I'll love, midst ocean's foaming,
 Lightning's flash, and thunder's booming,
 Dearest Isabella.

And should fate her mandate alter,
 Lovely Isabella;
 And should fate her mandate alter,
 Fairest Isabella;
 Should stern fate her mandate alter,
 And thy cruel parents falter,
 Then I'll clasp at Hymen's altar,
 Dearest Isabella.

THE DIGGING O'T.

TUNE—" *The Rock and wee pickle tow.*"

When nature first gifted existence to man,
She gied him the land for the diggin o't ;
Nae mention was made in the primary plan,
For rascals, to live by the whiggin o't ;
But ilk ane was doom'd by the sweat o' his brow,
To earn ilka bannock that gusted his mou',
To labor the grun baith wi' harrow an' plough,
An' to hae a bit house for the biggin o't.

But waesock ! sic happiness couldna endure,
Sae prone were mankind to the sinnin' o't,
That the whole blessed system was crush'd in the
stoure

By scoundrels just at the beginnin' o't,
Wha bless'd wi' stout arms an' the spirits o' deils,
Vow'd nature had doom'd them the lords o' the fiels,
Thus might against right, fairly cowpet the creels,
An' has lorded it since the beginnin o't.

Nae word then o' lands being rul'd by a few
Wha revell'd, but ne'er tried the tillage o't ;
Nae word then o' kings, either Gentile or Jew,
Ransacking the earth for the pillage o't ;

Then mankind were brithers an' a' things wrought
weel,

Few were their desires, an' few wants did they feel,
But Kings, Priests an' Nobles, soon sent to the deil,
Ilk city, town, hamlet an' village o't.

The Priests foul-be-fa' them that e'er they had birth
To pester us sae wi' their cantin o't;
Vile scourges o' man' an' curst locusts o' earth,
Our meal pock they've ever been scantin' o't;
A King an' his Nobles, wi' tyranny fell,
May plunder their subjects to pamper themsel',
But the Priest without mercy consigns us to hell
If we breathe but ae word 'gainst sic rantin' o't.

O guid speed the time when a' mankind shall learn,
To toast their downfa' o'er a brimmer o't;
Pack them aff to New Zealand, man woman an'
bairn,

An' set them to cut down the timmer o't;
Then freedom triumphant in transports shall reel,
Then plenty shall smile o'er the lowliest beil,
An' reason an' knowledge, sae lang held afiel,
Shall enjoy then a glorious simmer o't.

PADDY AND THE PRIEST.

TUNE—"The Night before Larry was Stretched."

I'm the son of one Barney McFig,
Who lived in the sweet town of Cork, sir,
He own'd a she goat and a pig,
And he work'd at the curing of pork, sir.
My mother was Biddy O'Morn,
The grand-child of Paddy O'Brien, sir,
Who died ere her father was born,
And I am the last of her line, sir,
Och peace to her soul night and day.

I was rear'd on my grandfather's farm,
Rightly stuck in the midst of a bog, sir,
Amidst poultry and pigs quite a swarm,
Where I first learnt the blarney and brogue, sir.
I soon learn'd to handle the spade,
To work with the hoe and the rake, sir,
To swing a black thorn round my head,
And fight both at fair and at wake, sir,
Success to ould Ireland for aye.

Then I went to old Father O'Flinn,
To be taught in the rules of the church, sir,
But instead faith I learn'd to love gin,
And was treated to penance and birch, sir,
Ould Flinn, how he squall'd out his ire,
When I dann'd both the saints and the cowls, sir,

He tould me that hell was a fire,
 Where the devil fry'd heretics sowls, sir,
 Then bade me go leave him to pray.

To his riverince I made a low bow,
 And then gave my shoulders a shrug, sir,
 "Dear father," said I, "ere I go,
 "I would like a small taste from that jug, sir."
 "Ye heathen," cried he, with a frown,
 "Arrah, father," said I, "what's the matter,"
 "The matter!" said he, "ye gossoon,
 "Would ye dare soil the Virgin's pure water?
 "Sweet mother, forgive him, I pray."

"Holy Father," said I, "don't get cross,
 "But I think you have made a mistake, sir,
 "For I'm tould by the scent of my nose,
 "That's the water most used at a wake, sir."
 He seiz'd his black thorn firm and tight,
 And bawl'd out "What is it you mean, sir,"
 "O, nothing," said I, with delight,
 "But I thought the jug filled with potheen, sir,
 "And ask'd for a drop without pay."

He threw down his silver-crossed sprig,
 And laugh'd till ye'd thought he would die, sir,
 Then toss'd off his ould musty wig,
 And tipp'd me a wink with his eye, sir.
 "Faith, Jerry," said he, "as a wag,
 "The devil must own ye'r a switcher,
 "But I fear there's some dust in your crag,"
 "Dear Father," said I, "bring the pitcher,
 "I wish now to wash it away."

We sat till the beams of the day
 We're streaking with yellow the sky, sir,
 When he got quite zealous to pray,
 And I got quite blind of an eye, sir.
 We drank till we fell to the ground,
 And as both to get up were unable,
 When I woke in the morning I found
 Flinn hugging the pig 'neath the table,
 And swearing to love it for aye.

PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

TUNE—"Cockie-bendie."

When Winter haps the hills wi' snaw,
An' lochs wi' ice are glancin ;
An' Boreas on his cranreuch steed,
Is thro' our kintra prancin ;
What lifts our chitterin' hearts aboon
The rules o' dull decorum ?
Or gars us join in social croon,
Like push about the Jorum.

When roun' the board we're blythly set,
Wi' cheese an' bannocks dainty ;
An' floods o' toddy pipin' het,
To stuff us a' wi' plenty.
Auld care ne'er reeks us then ava,
The vile loon we abhor-um ;
While blythly liltin Davie Fa'
We push about the Jorum.

When friens that lang hae sever'd been,
Re-meet at fairs, or races,
Kin' friendship sparklin' in their e'en,
Smiles playing on their faces,
Nought warms their hearts, or wakes their joys,
When form'd in social quorum,
Like "drink it out my merry boys,"
An' push about the Jorum.

When bleak December's lamp gangs out
 An' New-Year's-Day advances ;
 An' lads, an' lasses whisk about,
 At jigs or kintra dances ;
 When in the neuk the fiddler cheils,
 Are screedin' Tallochgorum ;
 Nought lends sic mettal to their heels,
 As push about the Jorum.

Let bachelors woo their solitude ;
 Kings revel in their riches ;
 Let sportsmen roam thro' moor, an' wood ;
 Priests ban baith deils an' witches ;
 Let sages in their pride display
 The wisdom o' a forum ;
 But nought inspires the Poet's lay,
 Like push about the Jorum.

A SANG FOR NEW-R-DAY.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

New-r-day comes but ance a year
Push about the cappie O,
Hail it with a deafening cheer,
Toast it o'er the nappie O.
Ca' the joke an' sang about,
Tune the fiddle an' the flute,
While we're here, we'll tak our tout,
Blythe, blythe an' happy O.

Winter noo may rage an' storm,
Fill again the cappie O,
We carena-by, his rudest form,
Push about the nappie O.
Blaw ye wins your wildest gust,
Level forests in the dust,
Tho' your bags wi' vengeance burst,
We'll be blythe an' happy O.

Jonnie Frost an' a' his train,
Fill again the cappie O,
Waste their spitefu' wrath in vain,
Push about the nappie O.
Snaw, or hale, or blashy sleet,
Ne'er can mar sic transports meet,
Till the end our gabs we'll weet,
Ever blythe an' happy O.

Wealth an' wit, to ilk ane here,
 Toom again the cappie O,
 Throughout the present newborn year,
 Push about the nappie O.
 Lift your legs, an' hotch an' fling,
 Care an' a' his fellows ding,
 Mirth an' glee are on the wing,
 Blythe, blythe an' happy O.

Heartless sauls may blame the cap
 Push about the nappie O,
 Send to nick ilk social chap
 Wha wad pree the cappie O.
 Let the guid-for-naething pack,
 Waste their wind in useless clack,
 We'll shake our feet, an' tak our swack,
 Blythe, blythe an' happy O.

BETSY STRATTON.

TUNE—" *Corn riggs and barley riggs.*"

I've mix'd in circles rich and gay,
Where beauty's eyes were beaming ;
And sadly witness'd scenes of wae,
Where virtue's tears were streaming ;
But in my heart, and in my e'e,
Whatever joys I daut on,
The image, form and face I see,
Of charming Betsy Stratton.

I've lo'ed her deep, I've lo'ed her lang,
Nae man could be sincerer ;
My soul's on fire where'er I gang,
In case mischance should steer her,
But ere the winter taints the east,
Sweet wedlock's chains I'll put on,
Then clasp my angel to my breast,
My darling Betsy Stratton.

ISABELLA.

O! 'tis pleasing, O! 'tis charming,
When the insect tribes are swarming,
At the hour when lovely Phœbus
Leaves in shade the hills and meadows,
Fann'd by zephyr breathing mellow,
Forth to roam with Isabella.

Soar proud laverock to the azure,
Merle and thrush your music measure,
Smile ye flowers with night dews dreepling,
As from glen and glade ye're peeping,
But in nature nought can fellow
My life, my soul, my Isabella.

Haste on time, and do not tarry,
Bring the nights both clear and starry,
Bring the time when blythe careering,
Reapers throng to join the shearing,
Then, for life, when leaves are yellow,
I'll clasp my angel Isabella.

LUCY PERRY.

TUNE—"My Nanny O."

'Tis sweet to see the simmer's sun
Awaken warm and rosy O ;
'Tis sweet to see the flowers o' June
A' gather'd in a posie O ;
'Tis sweet to hear the birds o' spring
A' liltin' blythe and merry O,
But sweeter far's the sparkling e'e
O' douce wee Lucy Perry O.

Serenely calm her snaw white broo,
Her hair is fair and sunny O ;
The tempting witchery o' her mou'
Has reav'd the hearts o' mony O,
Her dewy lips are ripe and red,
And luscious as the cherry O ;
It dings me gite to hear or see
That fairy Lucy Perry O.

Her modest gait, wha wadna' lo'e ?
Sae free frae pride's grimaces O,
Her heart to love, and friendship true,
Charms mair than a' her graces O.
Were she a maid, and I a lad,
Her health I'd pledge in sherry O,
And brave the rudest wintry storm
To meet sweet Lucy Perry O.

How bless'd is he wha hauds her han',
His love should never weary O;
This world's gear is empty gain,
Compared wi' sic a dearie O.
Ye powers, wha wing the shafts o' love,
To put men in a flurry O,
Aye guard frae scaith, the heart and hame
O' guid wee Lucy Perry O.

TIBBIE.

TUNE—"Wood and Married an' a'."

Gae ring a' the bells in the parish,
Frac ear' in the morning till noon,
For Tibbie is noo getting married
To Gland o' the neist borough toun;
Last Sunday at Kirk when I heard it,
I thocht wi' surprise I wad fa'en,
And the text that aye ran in my noddle,
Was Tibbie is getting a man.
To kiss and cuddle an' a',
Cuddle and kiss an' a',
Gland's getting a braw, plump young lassie,
To kiss and cuddle an' a'.

There wasna' a tost like our Tibbie,
Between the twa en's o' the lane,
Her blue e'en and plump cheeks sae ruddy,
Fill'd mony a chiel's heart wi' pain;
The lads cam' in dizzens to woo her,
But a' their entreaties were vain,
For ever since Gland swore to lo'e her
She treated the lave wi' disdain.
Kiss and cuddle an' a',
Cuddle and kiss an' a',
Gland's getting the tost o' the parish
To kiss and cuddle an' a'.

Neist Friday's the day that's appointed
 For waiting on Reverend Mess John,
 To get the twa youngsters united,
 In spirit, in flesh, bluid and bone ;
 Syne hame in a noddie we'll rattle,
 As fast as the horses can rin ;
 And the chiel wha that nicht dares be dowie,
 We'll douk him three times in the Linn,
 Kiss and cuddle an' a',
 Cuddle and kiss an' a',
 A health to the chiel wha invented
 Sweet kissing and cudd'lin' an' a',

Belyve when we get our kites packet,
 Wi' haggis, and ilka thing guid,
 Roun the table we'll sit blythe and happy,
 Inspir'd wi' John Barleycorn's bluid ;
 Wi' fiddling, and dancing, and singing,
 Our spirits we winna let sink ;
 And if grewsome auld care dare to enter,
 We'll scaud him wi' reeking scotch drink,
 Kiss and cuddle an' a',
 Cuddle and kiss an' a',
 The pleasures o' kissing and cuddling,
 Bachelors never can know.

Thus blythly the nicht will gae srieving,
 Till Barleycorn fley'd for his fame,
 Sends wee "Willie Winkie" to tell us,
 'Tis time we were a' stepping hame :

And when they are baith snugly beddit,
 With pleasure we'll empty a can,
 Wishing Gland meikle luck wi' his wifie,
 And Tibbie much joy wi' her man,
 Kiss and cuddle an' a',
 Cuddle and kiss an' a',
 Nought earthly can yield siccan pleasure,
 As kissing and cuddling an' a'.

Success noo to Gland and to Tibbie,
 May poortith ne'er enter their door;
 But live snug and happy thegither,
 Till up at the verge o' four-score;
 And when death that heart-breaking auld carlie
 Has nicket their threads like the lave,
 May bairns wi' the tears of remembrance,
 Aft water the flowers on their grave,
 Groaning and sighing an' a',
 Sighing and groaning an' a',
 And raise a bit stane o'er their ashes
 The place o' their slumber to shaw.

KIRSTY LASS.

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Dear Kirsty lass, if ye'll consent,
To let Mess John our sauls cement,
I'll wad a groat ye'll ne'er repent
Your marriage wi' the weaver.
I hae nae riches at my ca',
To deck you aff wi' muslins braw,
But here's a heart, that's worth them a'
Altho' I'm but a weaver.

By thy red cheek and spark'ling e'e,
Thy glossy hair, and bonny bree,
I swear, I'll ever constant be,
If ye'll but tak' the weaver.
Thy modest gait and form genteel,
Hae pierc'd my heart like pointed steel;
Tak' pity on an honest chiel,
And wed him, tho' a weaver.

If ye'll consent to be my ain,
When ance we're link'd by wedlock's chain,
I'll kiss and daut thee, O! how fain
Will be thy humble weaver.
Tho' poor in gear, yet rich in love,
And bless'd wi' health, thro' life we'll move,
And if I ever fickle prove
Dool fa' thy faithless weaver.

TO ARMS, O MY COUNTRY TO ARMS.

Once more is the flag of old Britain unfurl'd,
And flauntingly kisses the wind ;
Her foe is a despot, the scourge of the world,
Her cause is the rights of mankind ;
Her bugle is sounding, her sword is unsheath'd,
Her cannon the Tyrant alarms ;
O ! who'd lag behind in such glorious strife,
To arms, O ! my country to arms.

Side by side, we now fight with the valorous Gaul,
Who for ages contested our might ;
Now join'd, heart and hand, every despot must fall,
Who dares to presume on our right.
We have long war'd in error, now equity's laws.
Each British and Gaulic heart warms ;
The Godhead is smiling assent on our cause,
To arms, O ! my country to arms.

On Alma's proud heights did your victor swords
gleam ;
Fierce Inkerman blazons your name ;
Balaklava and Britain together shall beam,
In the annals of history and fame.
Tcherneya's still red with the fruits of your zeal,
Your valour humanity charms,
Sebastapol's ashes are spread to the wind,
To arms, O ! my country to arms.

Brave Gauls, ye are sons of the heroes who trod
 Victorious through Europe in yore ;
 Your ancestors fought for the hill of our God,
 And dyed it with Infidel gore,
 Then haste to the onset, fame follows your path,
 Your Eagle the despot disarms ;
 Moscow be your war-cry, and victory or death,
 To arms, bravest Gauls, then to arms.

And Britain, tho' far from thy mountains I roam,
 Tho' an exile 'mong strangers I pine,
 Thou still art my country, thou still art my home,
 And thy welfare shall ever be mine,
 May the LILY, ROSE, THISTLE, and SHAMROCK, long
 twine,
 Their laurels, midst war's dread alarms,
 May friendship and love reign in every line,
 To arms, GAUL and BRITON, to arms.

DEAR KATE.

Go boast of your beauties in circles of fashion,
Array'd in the grandeur of state ;
But give me, thou goddess ! of love's holy passion,
The heart and the hand of Dear Kate.

Her bright spark'ling eyes pierce my soul with
their glances,
Her brow is serenity's seat ;
Her smile, like an angel's, my bosom entrances,
Ecstatic 's my love for Dear Kate.

On her cheek, rosy tints with the lily seem blending,
Her teeth with the ivory could mate ;
Her voice, all the music of nature transcending,
Inspire me with love for Dear Kate.

My soul's dearest charmer ! my senses she'll ravish,
Love's slave I am doom'd from this date ;
Were the Indies my portion, their wealth I could
lavish,
To win but the heart of Dear Kate.

Ye powers who at will rend the mountains asunder,
Who wield the bright sceptre of fate,
Who bridle the storms, and embattle the thunder,
O ! give me the heart of Dear Kate.

SIC A BO 'S MY GRANNIE WAS.

“ O sic a bo, O sic a bo,
O sic a bo 's my grannie was :
I'll let you know, before I go,
What a bo my grannie was.”

When first my buxom grannie wed,
P've heard auld earlies tell my jo,
O'er ilka wife, the country roun',
She matchless bore the bell, my jo.
O sic a bo, &c.

Her stately form sae trim and neat,
Her face, O! how it charm'd, my jo,
Her raven hair, and fairy gait,
Ilk manly bosom warm'd, my jo.
O sic a bo, &c.

Her braw lace mutch wi' ribbons fine,
Her silken gown sae dandy, O,
At Kirk, or fair, aye took the shine,
When arm in arm wi' Sandy O.
O sic a bo, &c.

When Autumn's e'en, brought fae and frien',
To join the rantin' Kirn, my jo,
Wi' grannie nane could trip the green,
Or wallop roun' the barn, my jo,
O sic a bo, &c.

When Januar's frosts brought New-Year's-Day,
 And folks a' care did bang, my jo,
 Nought bore their hearts aboon the brae
 Like grannie's canty sang, my jo,
 O sic a bo, &c.

E'en noo tho' four-score winter's win's,
 Hae clad her pow wi' snaw, my jo,
 She laughs and sings, while thrang she spins,
 As blythe's at twenty-twa, my jo.

“ O sic a bo, O sic a bo,
 O sic a bo 's my grannie was,
 I'll let you know, before I go,
 My grannie was a wonder O.”

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

A health to thee Scotland, brave land of the
 mountain,
 Of glen, rock and river, and wild dashing fountain,
 Of hearts that ne'er yet to their foes cried a parley,
 Of whiskey, and brose, aye and bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o' bear meal and bannocks o' barley,
 Hurrah for auld Scotland and bannocks o' barley.

Langsyne when our hardy auld gutchers fair fa'
 them,
 Cruntet croons o' the Romans, syne left them to
 claw them,
 What lent our sires pith, thus to yerk them sae
 sairly,
 Twas nought but the brose, and the bannocks o'
 barley.

Bannocks, &c.

Ye South'rons wha feed upon beef and plumb-
 pudding,
 Your shanks ne'er could equal the anes our sires
 stood on,
 Wha kicket your douns frae our heath hills sae
 rarely,
 Success then to Scotland and bannocks o' barley.
 Bannocks, &c.

Then hey for auld Scotland, and hey for her
whiskey,
And hey for her sons ever jovial and friskey,
And hey for the braid swords that gleam'd for
Prince Charlie,
And hey for the brose and the bannocks o' barley.
Bannocks, &c.

ey for her

'riskey,
gleam'd for

ks o' barley.